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Number 9



O.A.C REVIEW

JUNE
1912



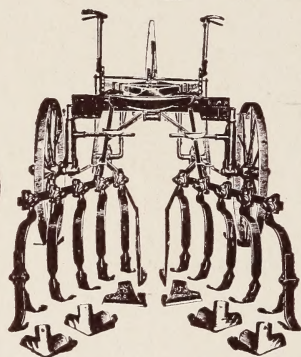
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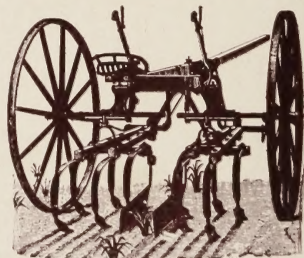
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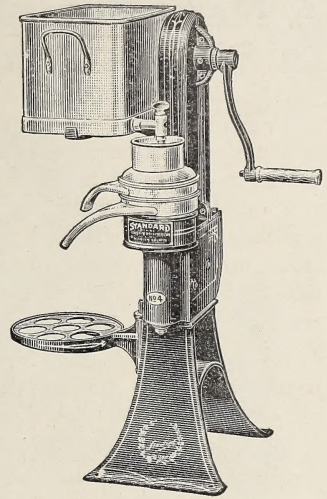
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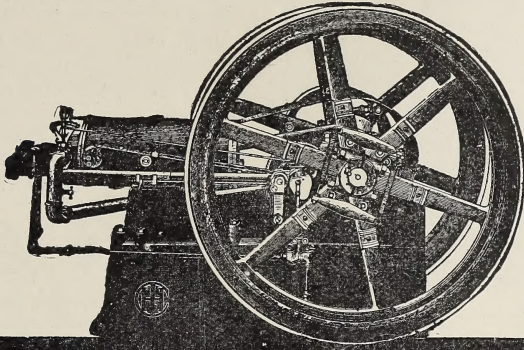
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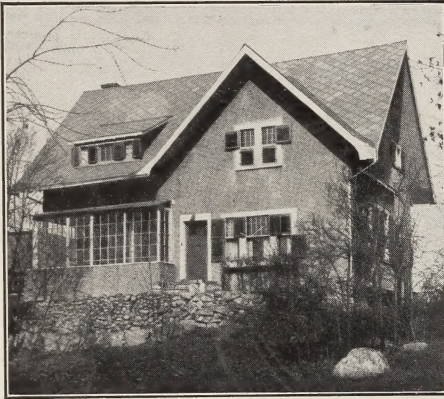
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Series A.

GUELPH, JUNE, 1912.

No. 5.

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THE O. A. C. REVIEW

THE DIGNITY OF A CALLING IS ITS UTILITY.

VOL. XXIV.

JUNE, 1912.

No. 9.

The Science of Living

PROFESSOR TENNYSON D. JARVIS.

(Continued from May Issue.)

The tissue congested with blood vessels acted upon by irritants will cause inflammation, and this accounts for many of our common diseases. For instance, if the smaller blood vessels in the nasal chambers be congested in the way already stated and, while in this state, is subjected to irritants, such as dust, smoke, pollen, changes in temperature, draughts, sudden changes in humidity, exposure of the body to dampness, disagreeable gases or odors, they will become inflamed and what is known as a cold in the head follows. It is clear that it is impossible to avoid these natural conditions and one would never need to but for the abnormal condition of the vessels in the nose. It has been proven beyond all doubt that one cannot contract a cold except when there is a great surplus of over-digested food in the body. When exploring in the North a few years ago our party was subjected to the worst kind of exposure. At night we slept in Sphagnum moss saturated with water and yet none of the party experienced any symptoms of cold in the head or in any other part of the body. The explanation is simple: we were living on only a few ounces of food per day, and in addition exercising all the muscles of our body. There was no waste material in the body to cause any trouble. Similarly men have been known times without number to be exposed for long periods to Arctic conditions both night and day with scarcely sufficient food to keep life in the body, but with the exception of frost-bites, no injury has been done

to the body. The explanation is that the hardships of the adventure had used up all the surplus digested food in the system.

Lung troubles of many kinds are also brought about by an over supply of digested food in the mass of vessels located there. Irritants in the form of inhaled smoke, impure air, changes in temperature and other irritants similar to those causing colds will produce inflammation of the lungs or pleurisy. Here again it is no use trying to avoid the irritants. The thing to avoid is the congestion by reducing the ration and taking abundance of exercise. We have often heard people say: "If I go to bed I know I will have to stay there"; the reason for this is due to the lack of exercise while lying in bed. This is an ideal condition for the disease. Practically all the food thus taken into the system is left to go to the already congested portions. Any other parts of the respiratory system may suffer in precisely the same way and we develop the diseases known as laryngitis and bronchitis.

Take again the inflammatory diseases of the digestive system. The intestines, when overcharged with effete material in the extensive masses of blood vessel found there, come into contact with the partly digested food which irritates and inflames the tissues. We then have what is known as inflammation of the bowels and, if the appendix portion of the bowels should be effected, it is known as appendicitis. Here again it is necessary to remove the cause by dieting or fasting in order to give the system a chance to consume the over supply of

nourishment. The throat, the oesophagus, the stomach, may be irritated in the same manner and may result in inflammation.

The gland of the neck is a common seat of inflammation. Swollen glands are usually the result of clogged tissues irritated by sudden changes of temperature.

The urinary organs too are effected in this way. They are great capillary centres. The kidneys, bladder, etc., are subject to inflammation. The irritant in this case is the urine, or other materials in the form of clothing and sudden changes of temperature. Uterian troubles are often brought about by congestion resulting in inflammation.

Any portion of the body which is the centre of small blood vessels may be congested and inflamed as the result of digested food in the vessels.

Another way in which disease occurs is by putrefaction and the liberation of toxins or poisons in the blood. Whenever there is a disturbance of the balance of nature, she at once begins to correct or adjust these abnormal conditions. The over supply of digested food in the system constitutes the over balance and must be got rid of. At this stage bacteria, which are always present in the blood, air, food and water, are ready to act as scavengers and devour this effete material. Most bacteria are friends and not enemies. They are the natural scavengers of the body. The over-digested food in the blood is a favorable medium for these scavengers and they multiply at an enormous rate and devour the surplus food in the vessels. The rapid decomposition of this food by the bacteria causes putrefaction and the liberation of toxins or poisonous gases. These toxins produce symptoms of various

kinds. They poison and irritate the cells and the rapid oxidation brought about by the disintegration of the waste material causes high temperature, producing headaches, stomach-aches, feelings of distress, etc. The bacteria are of different kinds and have different habits, habits of feeding and reproduction. Some confine themselves to the intestines, some to the throat, some to the blood, some to the liver. They act as health officers for all parts of the body, the same as the birds, insects, etc., do for the outer world. The particular kind of bacteria at work upon these waste materials will often determine the symptoms or kind of disease. For example, the diphtheria organism confines its operations to the throat; the colon bacillus to the intestines; the tuberculosis bacillus to almost any part of the body, but more especially to the lungs and glands of the body. The severity of the attack will depend upon the amount of this superfluous digested food to be consumed. Therefore we see the necessity for ingesting only sufficient to satisfy the hunger of the cells. Nature is elastic. If there are only small quantities of this spare food, the natural scavengers of the blood will digest and take care of it without any unnatural effects upon the body. It may always be remembered that most microbes are scavengers attacking only impurities in the system. Predisposition to infection is due to the presence of an abnormal supply of favorable impurities or decaying matter in the system. Bacteria rarely attack healthy tissues; if they did we would all be in the grave long ago. It is only the unnatural conditions which we make that accounts for the unnatural conditions of the body known as disease.

DISEASE—WHAT IT IS.

Disease itself is nature's means of cure. When the body is overcharged it takes this method of adjusting itself. The symptoms of disease are evidenced by foul breath, coated tongue, impurities thrown off from the lungs, skin, bladder and digestive tract. The symptoms are local, but the disease itself is general; the blood vessels connect with all parts of the body and, if there is present any abnormal matter, it will affect the whole system. By getting rid of all these impurities from the body the machinery may be restored to its normal state, the blood purified and a healthy balance established. We can assist nature by exercising freely and cutting off the supply of food. If medicines are administered at this stage they only interfere with nature's cure. They often check the discharge of impurities and prolong the disease. It is sometimes hard to tell when we are diseased; often we think we are well when the body is in a bad state. We may have ulceration of the stomach, for instance, and never show any evidence. The blood vessels may be stuffed up with effete material and still there may be no marked symptoms of disease. Not having a sound body to compare with, though we may not feel up to the mark, we cannot tell to what extent we are diseased. A diagnosis will not always reveal the true nature of the internal world, and we continue to aggravate the trouble. Most people are afflicted and yet are unaware of it. They are not getting out of life what is due them.

Any disturbance of the body will affect the whole system, for each part is related to the whole. The body is a mass of living individuals, all living

together for mutual benefit and all in close relations, fed by the same fluid, acted upon by the same nerve centre and all subjected to a similar environment. All forms of disease are really one. The symptoms are local, but there is only one primary cause. It is precisely the same as the conditions in the outer world. If we take any part of nature in any part of the world, whether it be in the outer or the inner world, we have the same laws, the same treatment and the same effects.

The practice of over-eating has also a tendency to bring about disturbance in another way. The body is like any other piece of machinery; if you take good care of it, it will last a long time, but if you force it or abuse it by using great quantities of fuel or unnatural fuel, it will become worn and broken down and will refuse to respond to the demands made upon it. For example, the muscles of the stomach or intestines may become weak or uncontrollable by the excessive work thrown upon them. The glands may secrete too little or too much fluid, due to the excess of stimulants. The unnatural food or the tendency to use one particular kind of food, such as pickles, catsup, condiments, etc., will overwork some parts of the machinery at the expense of others. A single part of the machinery sometimes fails before other parts have shown signs of wear. Thus, we have a lack of any one digestive fluid, as the cells of the corresponding gland become inactive through over-use; in this case they refuse to secrete. Here again to effect a cure it is necessary to remove the cause.

The End.

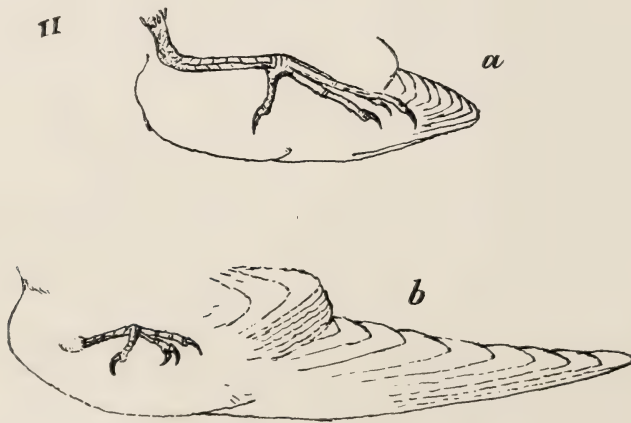
The Relation Between Structure and Habit in Birds

E. W. CALVERT, '13.

ONE of the most interesting features in the study of animal life is to be found in the relation which exists between the structure of the animal its habits and adaption to its surroundings. In no class of the higher animals is this more evident than the birds. They seem to possess the highest specialization, and can best adjust themselves to changes of surrounding conditions. The members of each order have charac-

The wings and tail, two equally essential organs, show much development, but do not possess such a variety of uses.

Let us observe a few of the forms of specialization of the bill. It is the most essential organ the bird possesses, and it is used chiefly in procuring food, but this is by no means the only function. Many of the water birds, such as puffins, pelicans and some ducks, have their bills brightly colored or specially develop-



II—(a) Wing and foot of rail, the wing small through disease, the foot large, strong and suitable for walking; (b) wing and foot of swallow, showing long wing (which is used constantly), and small, weak foot.

teristics which no other order possesses in the same way. It even frequently happens that a very similar development of organs may exist in widely different orders.

Probably the two organs which reach the greatest development are the bill and the foot. In the former we find a surprisingly large variety of uses to which it is put as well as variety of shapes, and in the latter great modifications in form exist.

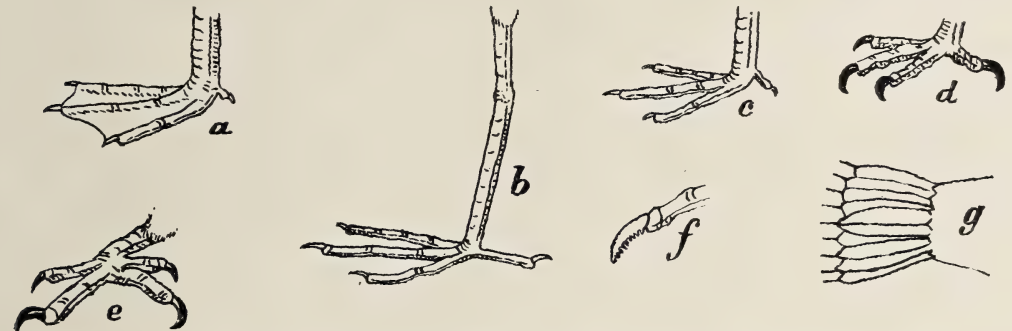
ed in the male for purposes of attraction. Woodpeckers use theirs as a musical instrument, with which they drum on the trees, while owls snap their bills because of anger or fright. The bill is also used in climbing, especially by the parrots, while all birds use it in dressing their feathers.

Returning to the uses in procuring food we find these almost innumerable. Some common uses are as a

spear, vice, sieve, probe, chisel, lever, hook and many others. The most marked modifications of the bill of birds in this country are to be found among the water birds, but in a number of land birds of tropical countries many good examples may be found. Particularly interesting are the hummingbirds, many of which have specially developed bills to fit the flowers from which they feed. Prominent among these are the avocet, siphon-billed and sickle-billed species. A still more remarkable instance is to be seen in one of the birds of New Zealand, in which the bills of the male and female are quite unlike in shape because the feeding habit of the sexes differ.

Among the shore birds, and particularly the sandpipers, we find a great variety of modifications of the bill. That of the avocet is curved upward, that of the curlew downward, while many species, notably the woodcock, have the upper mandible flexible to assist in grasping. The plovers, however, do not obtain their food in the same way, and the long bill has been dispensed with. The turnstone, another shore bird, has a stout, wedge-shaped bill which is used for prying.

The birds of prey have a very effective implement in the beak which is used for tearing flesh and in defence. This, together with their powerful claws, swift flight and ex-



III.—Feet of (a) gull, a swimmer; (b) heron, a wader; (c) grouse, a walker; (d) hawk, for grasping; (e) woodpecker, a climber; (f) toe of whip-poor-will; (g) tail of swift used as a prop (showing spines).

Many water birds, such as the loon and the herons, disable their prey by striking it with their sharp, spear-like bills. Mergansers have quite similar food habits, but they seize the fish by means of their barbed bills. To the same family as the mergansers belong the ducks proper, the bills of which are quite different. They are much broader, and lack the teeth, but instead have a straining apparatus on either side. From this escapes sand and muddy water which are taken up with the small water animals and plants.

cellent sight with the hawks and hearing with the owls, enables these birds to obtain their food easily and leaves them very little to fear.

Probably no other family of birds find the bill so useful as do the woodpeckers. It is at once a hammer, chisel, drumstick and lever combined. With it he obtains food by examining the bark and decayed wood for insects, excavates a home, and tattoos when searching for a mate. The tongue of the woodpecker is generally barbed and sticky, and when thrust into a crevice where

any insect lurks, the latter adheres to it and is brought into the mouth. The tongue of this bird is a particularly interesting example in support of Darwin's "Theory of Natural Selection."

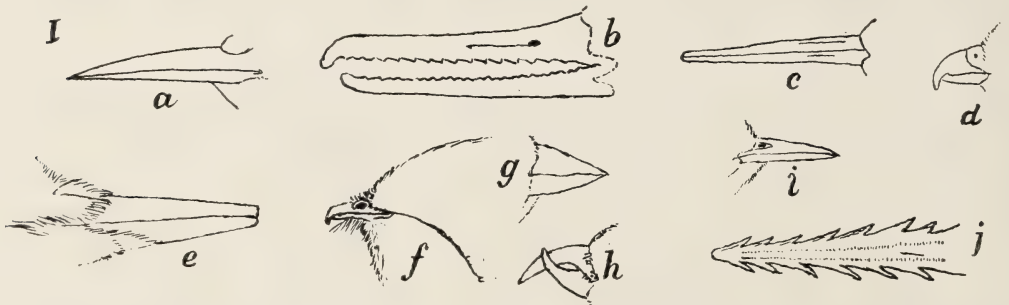
Most of the smaller land birds are either insect—or seed-eating, and many are both. A good example of the insectivorous bird is the oriole, the bill of which is long, sharp and slender. On the other hand, members of the finch family have short and stout bills which can easily crack the seeds on which they feed.

Birds are almost unique among vertebrates in the possession of wings. True wings are possessed

flap very little. Ducks and other small-winged birds, however, must make very rapid wing beats if speed is required.

Some birds have lost the power of flight through disuse of their wings. Our domesticated fowls are good examples, but better still was the great auk, which had wings of very small size, while a closely-related species can fly easily.

The majority of birds pass the greater part of the day in one of four situations—the air, the water, the trees and the ground. Birds of the latter three classes necessarily have larger and stronger feet than do those which spend most of their time



I.—Bills of (a) heron; (b) merganser, a fisher; (c) sandpiper; (d) hawk; (e) woodpecker, a carpenter; (f) swift; (g) sparrow, a seedeater; (h) crossbill; (i) warbler, which is exclusively insectivorous; (j) tongue of woodpecker of genus *Dryobates*.

also by bats and insects, and some prehistoric reptiles had them, but all these are built on quite a different principle to those of birds. The wings of insects are mere modifications of a thoracic segment, those of bats are membranous, but birds alone have wings composed of overlapping feathers.

The size and expanse of a wing determines in a great measure the powers of its owner in flight, and of its suspension in the air. Frigate birds and albatrosses are able to remain apparently motionless for hours at a time in mid-air, while the better known gulls and swallows need to

in the air. The feet, therefore, are of little importance to the swallows and swifts, while to the grouse, the crow the robin, sparrows and others they are all-important. The wings, on the other hand, are comparatively small and the flight weak in birds which seldom leave the ground.

It is well known that the ostrich is entirely terrestrial, and can outrun almost any animal existing, not to speak of the powerful kick it is capable of administering. Herons and particularly flamingoes, possess very long legs and correspondingly long necks. These fit them for wading in shallow water where fish and frogs

are to be found. Water birds, frequenting large bodies of water, such as gulls, grebes and ducks, are furnished with webbed feet which enable them to swim. They are thus of the greatest importance to these birds, some of which capture their prey by pursuing it under water.

The perching birds have a very valuable faculty of locking their feet automatically while asleep. Tree creepers, such as the woodpeckers, have sharp nails for penetrating the bark, and hawks and owls have powerful hooked talons which grasp the prey or serve in defence.

A most unusual development, however, is to be found with the grouse, which are pre-eminently ground-inhabiting birds. Their toes are quite smooth in summer, but as the cold weather approaches, horny projection resembling the teeth of a comb develop until the bird has a pair of snow-shoes, which are shed when the

warm weather comes. The whip-poor-will possesses a still more remarkable development. The nail of the central toe is toothed very much like a comb, and (it is said), serves in removing insects, which adhere to the bristles of the mouth.

The tail serves as a rudder to all birds when in flight, and to many as a prop when at rest. Its length governs the rapidity with which a bird can turn. Ducks, for example, fly in a straight line, and can turn but slowly, while hawks can wheel in a moment. Woodpeckers and other climbing birds prop themselves against the tree by means of their stiff tail feathers, while swifts have the latter tipped with spines.

The few striking examples in the foregoing pages only serve to draw attention to a broad subject of which most of us know little. Structure and habit are, nevertheless, of the greatest importance to the species if it is to continue its existence.



DEATH OF THE QUAIL.

A flash, a bang! The little bird
Drops at the hunter's feet,
No more at morn again we'll hear
His whistling song so sweet!
The guardian of the meadow now
Lies fluttering, gory, red—
Ten thousand insects next year will
Rejoice that he is dead.

Longevity of Alfalfa in Haldimand County

(PART OF R. SCHUYLER'S THESIS, 1912.)

IT is the long life of the alfalfa that makes it of so much value to the farmer. It is a perennial, and under favorable conditions continues to grow for many years. Apparently man's system of cropping limits its duration, as this investigation would seem to indicate.

It was found by comparing the reports from the different fields that the average life, regardless of existing differences in methods of seeding, cultivation, cropping, etc., was 10.7 years. The age of the oldest field found was 25 years, this being on the farm of Mr. James Douglas, Caledonia, Ont.

The following table gives a classification of 55 fields according to ages:

No. of fields.	Ages.
14 fields were over 6 years and under 9 years	
24 fields were over 8 years and under 12 years	
8 fields were over 11 years and under 15 years	
7 fields were over 14 years and under 17 years	
2 fields were over 17 years and under	

We see from this table that the most prevalent age is from 8 to 12 years.

Seeding and Soil Preparation.

Nine seedings of alfalfa were made on stubble ground fall plowed, and top dressed during the winter. Their average age is 11.7 years.

Twenty-three seedings made on stubble ground fall plowed but not manured. Average age of these, 11.08 years.

Six seedings were made on sod which was fall plowed and sown to alfalfa in the spring. In each case these were blue grass sods. The average age here is 9.7 years.

There was apparently little difference between the fields top dressed and those not. The longest life was attained by the fields top dressed. On the other hand, the results indicate that alfalfa, following directly after sod, does not produce the longest-lived plants.

Nurse Crops vs. No Nurse Crops.

Only three fields of alfalfa are reported as being seeded without nurse crops. Their average age is 13 years, which is somewhat more than where nurse crops were sown.

The nurse crops stood in order of merit as follows:

Rank.	Nurse Crop.	Age of Alfalfa.
1st—	Spring Wheat	14 years
2nd—	Oats	12 years
3rd—	Barley	10.4 years
4th—	Grass Peas	9.28 years
5th—	Winter Wheat	9.1 years

The average age where nurse crops have been used is 10.5 years.

Pasturing.

It was found that the fields not pastured were in a somewhat better condition than those pastured carefully, and in much better condition than those pastured without any particular care. These facts, strengthened by the opinions, of all the growers consulted, indicate that pasturing is one of the chief factors that determines the longevity of alfalfa in Haldimand County. It is also quite safe to assume that what is applicable here in regard to pasturing would apply to other sections as well.

Nitro-Culture.

Nitro-culture was not used on the seed in any of these fields reported.

It has, however, been used quite extensively during the past few years, and with marked success. Some of the younger growers stated that when their fathers first attempted to grow alfalfa, many attempted seedings were failures. This, they believe, was because the soil was not then inoculated with the proper organisms. When they repeat the seedings on the same land and use nitro-culture a good catch is more easily obtained, because the soil now naturally contains the proper bacteria. These facts speak well for the nitro-culture treatment of seed, and no doubt its practice will in the future add at least a few more years to the life of this already long-lived, useful plant.

Summary

The alfalfa fields visited, and reports which are included in this thesis, represent fairly average conditions in this country. The farmers interviewed are located for the most part in each section of the county.

1. The maximum life of alfalfa varies considerably, depending on local conditions, but the average life was found to be 10.7 years.

2. All sandy and gravelly knolls appear to be unsuitable for alfalfa.

3. The alfalfa always kills out very quickly wherever the land is not properly drained.

4. The majority of seedings are made with the ordinary spring grains as nurse crops, and this is usually the second crop after sod has been plowed down, i. e., stubble ground, fall plowed and alfalfa sown the following spring.

5. Canadian blue grass is very prevalent in this county. When blue grass is plowed and followed directly by alfalfa it does not attain so long

a life as when the sod is plowed back before seeding.

6. When sown after the land was top dressed its life was increased a little.

7. Fifteen pounds of alfalfa seed is the average amount sown. Seed growing is practiced very largely in this county, and heavier seedings are thought to produce excess of hay, rather than best yield of seed.

8. The sowing of nurse crops is largely practiced and in only a few cases were no nurse crops sown. In these, however, the alfalfa was slightly longer lived. The comparison is hardly fair, owing to unevenness of numbers, and can only be considered as an indication.

9. Many varieties of nurse crops are sown, including most of the common cereals. Grass peas are also used with fair results. Seeding with spring wheat gave best results. Oats, at the rate of one to one and a half bushels per acre, came next, while winter wheat came last. With winter wheat the seed was sown in the spring after ground would permit of harrowing.

10. Most of the farmers pasture their alfalfa. The results indicate that it is harmful, but only to a limited extent, when pastured carefully with cattle only.

11. Pasturing with horses and sheep, however, proved very injurious in every instance, completely destroying it where the practice was continued.

12. Alfalfa's extreme branching habit increases the life of the plants as a whole, by thickening up the meadows.

13. Young seedling plants arising from shelled seed in harvesting may thicken up the crop.

Influence of Nature in Moulding a Woman's Character

MISS O. K. SCOTT.

This article by Miss Scott, while not directly bearing upon "The Woman Upon the Farm" series, considers the influence of farm surroundings upon the development of character. Miss Scott is a graduate of Macdonald Hall, and fully understands her subject, being a fine nature student.

THAT nature is one great factor in the moulding of a woman's character is never to be gainsaid. The process of this formation commences very early, so let us go back for a short time of contemplation. Leave the noon-day and the evening and go back again to the dawn; the time when joy and gladness sparkled on the waters of the earth in paths of brilliant light, which lead to childhood hearts and minds.

Fortunate is the girl who learns early to see the details of her surroundings, for growing up failing to have the sense of insight is sad indeed. In the country where an appreciation for, and a love for green growing things is more aptly required, it is easier to come under this potent influence of nature.

Let us pretend that we are the "Barefoot Boy's" little sister, unshod as was he, with our curls tumbling down from under a battered straw hat. We are faithfully accompanied by the old sheep dog, who trots gravely behind; eyes trustful, and ears at odds, one being cocked forward in pleasureable anticipation, while the other lies close in calm docility. Trudging down the lane to the pasture land, trailing a long, lithe willow switch we come to a regular mountain of an ant hill, and fascinated by its size, stoop to watch the tiny toilers as they march backward

and forward in staid procession, which is to us an unconscious demonstrative influence of order and discipline.

Proceeding, not as the crow flies, but in a slower and more delightful excursion, here-and-there method, we at length reach the pasture, where the soft-eyed cattle and nervous, wriggling-nosed sheep are. Here the orioles and robins in the trees are sweetest music to our ears. The sounds of the insects in the grass make us think of fairyland. The buzzing of the bees, so busily engaged in gathering honey from the red clover, makes us wish that we could sleep, and the swish of an occasional breeze ruffles up our curls under the drooping hat brim and cools our flushed cheeks.

The clear brook is very inviting, and we lie full length on the single plan bridge, and watch the minnows floating idly or darting swiftly here and there, and our imagination pictures us, skilled as these tiny fishes are, as saving ourselves by swimming to land if wrecked in mid-ocean. Tiring of this we imagine ourselves a beautiful Arabian horse—a treasured memory from fairy tales—and falling on hands and knees by the edge of the stream, we eat grass, which is in reality fragrant mint, and quench our thirst from the flowing water. Craving change, as children invariably do, our next move is to where

a luxurious crop of luscious black berries hang from the bushes skirting the fence. Braving the thorns, we eat until our taste is for the present satiated, and our hands and faces stained by the juicy fruit, and so that minutes and hours go by until that afternoon is gone, and the lowering sun warns us, as do the gateward moving cattle that it is time for us to go home.

The living of such a childhood as this must insure a wholesome girlhood, and a fulfillment of happy, gracious womanhood, for being in

of nature's beauties as being indispensable to childhood. He says in part: "Suppose you had at the back of your house a garden, large enough for your children to play in, with just as much lawn as would give them room to run, no more, and that you could not change your abode, but that, if you chose, you could double your income or quadruple it by digging a coal shaft in the middle of the lawn, and turning the flower beds into heaps of coke. Would you do it? I think not. I can tell you, you would be wrong if you did, though



"The clear brook is very inviting."

touch with nature is certain to make us observe and think, and it also tends to make an understanding, sympathetic, kindly disposition. A woman may be clever, beautiful and good, but she is not a type of true womanhood unless she be sympathetic as well.

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said a lovelier flower
On earth was never known."

From "Queen's Gardens" we see that John Ruskin deems the presence

it gave you income sixty fold instead of four fold."

From Mons. Michelet's "History of France" we find that he rates nature as having been deeply instrumental in moulding the beautiful character of the highly sensitive, courageous, though ill-fated little Joan of Arc.

The education of this poor girl was mean according to present day standards; was ineffably grand according to a purer philosophic standard, and only not good for our age, because for us it would be unattainable . . .

"Next after her spiritual advant-

ages, she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domremy was on the brink of boundless forest; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies, that the parish priest was obliged to read mass there once a year in order to keep them in any decent bounds

"But the forest of Domremy—those were the glories of the land, for in them abode mysterious powers and ancient secrets that towered into tragic strength."

Another, and present day example of the result of environment of of nature is shown in Frances Willard's beautiful life. Her girlhood was spent in "Forest Home," a picturesque cottage with rambling roof, gables, dormer windows, little porches, crannies, and out-of-the-way nooks. The bluffs, so characteristic of Wisconsin, rose about it on the right and left. Groves of oak and hickory were on either hand; a miniature forest of evergreens almost

concealed the cottage from view of passers-by. The air was laden with the perfume of flowers. Through the thick and luxuriant growth of shrubbery were paths which strayed off aimlessly, tempting the feet of the curious down their mysterious aisles. All the after richness, and fullness, and power of life was folded away, and later put forth their leaves from these beginnings so pure and simple.

So, from the picture of the gay innocence of present-day childhood to the picture of the little tragic Joan of Arc, who later led an army, as a result of her childish and girlish convictions, gleaned from her communication with nature in those deep, mysterious forests of Domremy, we find that nature plays a very important part in the moulding and fashioning of woman's character.

From the May-time of babyhood until the winter-time of womanhood, nature, with her oft recurring examples, is an incentive for all that is good and beautiful in womanhood.



FORGET IT.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed.
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded, and kept from the day
In the dark! and whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.—Exchange.

Some of the New Things in Dairying

PROFESSOR H. H. DEAN.

WELL, what's new in dairying? This is the question most frequently asked of us. We purpose setting down a few of the "new" things as related to dairy work for the benefit of "O. A. C. Review" readers.

The Cow-Testing Movement.

About twenty years ago when it was suggested that testing cows by means of weigh-scales and tester for fat was the only way to bring about improvement in the dairy herds of Canada, the men who taught that dairy cows could be selected according to the "wedge-shape," "prominent back bone," "long, slim tail" theory, were inclined to belittle the so-called "testing fad." One prominent dairyman went so far as to write the president of the college protesting against this new method of selecting cows and raised a shout, "Great is Diana of the long tail!"

In spite of these brakes on the riot of dairy cow progress, the "movement" has gained momentum until now nothing can stop its progress, and as a result, the improvement in actual performance of many pure-bred dairy animals has increased at least twenty-five per cent during the past ten years. Those who are not testing their cows, among breeders of pure-bred stock, for either short or long terms, are being left behind in the race for dairy supremacy. Even the man with ordinary, or grade stock, now has an opportunity to have his cows tested at small cost through the good work done by cow-

testing associations, under the able supervision of the Dairy Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

A Seven-Day Record.

We have not time to discuss the relative values of Short and Long term tests for cows, but we are a firm believer in **all kinds of tests properly carried out**. Short tests of 7, 14 or 30 days are much better than no tests.

A specimen of what a cow can do in seven days, although the cow died soon afterwards, is that of a pure-bred Holstein, owned in Eastern Ontario, which recently produced under official testing 837 pounds of milk-fat in seven consecutive days, March 26 to April 2, 1912. Using the ordinary rule of adding one-sixth to the fat for calculating the butter equivalent, we have nearly 36 pounds of butter produced, or an average of over five pounds of butter daily for one week. This hardly seems possible, yet the facts are attested to under oath, and for the last two days of the test period, two men were in charge of the testing.

A New Casein Test

For butter-making, milk-fat alone is valuable. For cheese-making, milk-fat and casein are essential. Two new casein tests have recently been brought out—the Hart Centrifugal and the Walker Titration casein tests. The latter is the very newest and seems so very simple, and up to the present accurate, that the determination of casein in fresh milk

at least, promises to be as simple as the ordinary acidimeter, with which nearly all chesse-makers are now familiar.

The Clarifier for Cheese Milk.

The use of a machine for removing sediment from milk to be sold for direct consumption has been common in city milk plants for some time. Experiments are being conducted in the Cheese Branch of the Dairy Department of the O. A. C. to note the effects of clarifying milk to be made into cheese. A "Clarifier" is a cream separator with special devices for removing dirt, and for mixing the cream and skim-milk again as they come from the machine.

Homogenizer For City Milk Trade.

This machine has created quite a sensation in dairy circles. Invented and used first in Paris, France, the machine has found its way to Canada, and is being used in milk condensery factories and for town and city milk trade. The claims for the process are chiefly that the fat of milk homogenized will not again separate, thus making it evenly distributed throughout the whole mass, consequently more easily digested; that cream so treated has a thicker appearance—14 per cent cream looks like cream testing 28 to 30 per cent fat; that ice cream manufacturers can make their own cream out of fresh butter and skim-milk; but chiefly that whole milk homogenized may be bottled in summer when there is a flush of milk, and then be put on the market in winter when there is a scarcity, thus equalizing production and consumption, and adding to the profits of all concerned. Big things are expected of the Homogenizer.

Paper Milk Bottles.

Tests made at the Dairy, O. A. C., during the season of 1911, indicate that milk bottle made of sterilized paper pulp and paraffined are quite suitable for holding milk from 24 to 48 hours without softening or causing any disagreeable odors in the milk held in these bottles. There is every probability that paper bottles will supplant the glass bottle now used, with all the labor of washing, danger from disease, loss from breakage, and heavy load, eliminated by the new Mono-Service Milk Bottle.

The Holder Process of Pasteurizing Milk

The Ontario Milk act of 1911 defines pasteurized milk as milk to which "all portions have been subjected for at least 20 and not more than 30 minutes to a temperature of not less than 140 degrees and not more than 150 degrees F., and then at once cooled to 45 degrees F., or under, and kept at that temperature until delivered to the consumer." This means that "Flash" methods of pasteurizing milk are no longer legal in the Province of Ontario. A number of "Holder" plans have recently been devised in order to meet with the legal requirements. The only safe milk not coming up to the standard of "Certified" is that which has been pasteurized under proper conditions.

Creamery and Cheesery

The combined pasteurizer, cooler and vat for creamery work ought to make pasteurization of cream more popular among the butter-makers, and thus enable them to add one-half cent to one cent per pound to the value of Canadian butter.

The use of cleaner, cooler milk for cheese-making, and the setting of standard temperatures for cooling

night's milk (65 degrees F.), and delivery of mixed night and morning milk at not over 70 degrees to 75 degrees F., has marked a forward step in the production and delivery of milk to be used in Cheddar cheese-making. This, together with ripening cheese at a lower temperature, have been two well-marked steps in advance, so far as Canadian Cheddars are concerned.

While the summer season of 1911, in Western Ontario, and the winter of 1911-12 have been very unfavorable for milk production, so far as the cheap feed is concerned, the lesson has been a valuable one in

stimulating dairymen to grow more corn, build more silos, keep more cows, produce more milk, reap more profits. Dairymen are not discouraged, but are determined to make the most of the era of high prices which seem to have begun and may never disappear, if goods of the finest quality are produced in amount equal to market requirements—no more.

Dairymen need some one in touch with the dairy market requirements of the world, so that production may be regulated accordingly. Manufacturers in other lines adopt this policy, why not dairymen?



ROMANCE IN THE CITY.

God opens doors to those who knock,
He sends His streams to those who
prayer

For some romance the while they toil
In dingy offices all day,
When fog hangs over London Town,
And city streets are cold and grey.

Each Bill of Lading's a romance
To make me dream of Eastern seas,
Of towns with strangely sounding
names,
Of shining harbors, sun-bathed
quays;

I picture grave-faced merchant-men
In dim bazaars as consignees.

I write the vessel's name and port,
And lo! her halliards sing to me,
I am on board and Eastward bound
For Smyrna and Gallipoli

Thro' archipelagoes that gleam
Like opals on a sapphire sea.

I see the goods I invoice home'd
In palaces of dusky kings,
In corridors all pearl and gold,
In courtyards full of splendid
things,

Where slave-girls dance, magnificent
Beyond a man's imaginings.

When fog comes down on London
town,
And city streets are cold and grey,
God opens doors to those who knock,
And sends romance to those who
prayer

For warmth and color, while they toil
In dingy offices all day.

—The Westminster Gazette.

Cultivating Corn

IT IS axiomatic that the yield of corn depends largely upon the cultivation it receives during its growth, but the conditions of the ground before the seed is sown is also an important consideration. The cultivation of the corn land properly begins the fall or late summer previous to the sowing.

The majority of the growers usually endeavor to arrange their system of crop rotation so that the corn is preceded by clover. There are several reasons for this. Clover is a deep feeder, while corn is comparatively shallow. The long roots of the clover open up the sub-soil, allowing it to absorb and retain more moisture. They also bring plant food from the sub-soil, and when the roots decay, these elements, as well as the humus formed from their decay, will be left near the surface, and supply food and keep the ground in a mellow condition. The greatest benefit from the clover, however, is by the addition of nitrogen. This is a peculiar function made possible by the presence of minute organisms, termed bacteria, on the roots of the corn.

Although the corn land should be stirred early in the spring, it is not a wise plan to push the season and sow the corn before the ground is warm. Once the young plants receive a set-back, they are very slow in recovering their normal growth, if they are not permanently checked. In the corn belt of the Central States many farmers give the corn two harrowings just as the corn is coming up, but very often the cultivation commences with a weeder shortly

after it is sown. This destroys many weeds that germinate more quickly than the crop. If no weeder is available, a light set of harrows with the teeth set backward is very good. The cultivation with the corn cultivator usually begins as soon as the rows are visible, but the weeder is also continued until the corn is several inches high. Some plants are destroyed in this way, but the fewer number of weeds, the increased supply of moisture, and the more luxuriant growth more than counterbalances the loss of the few plants.

There is no necessity to explain how this continued cultivation forms a mulch to prevent the escape of moisture, or its action in aiding in the liberation of plant food. It is true that continued cultivation in a dry season economizes moisture, while in a wet season it aids in the evaporation of surface water and prevents baking. So whatever the season is like there is no danger from cultivation if it is not done when the land is too wet. But in wet seasons the cultivation is usually not so frequent, as the aim then is to check excessive growth and encourage the formation and maturing of ears.

In cultivating corn it is worthy to note that the successive cultivations should gradually become shallower as the network of roots develop to avoid cutting of too many sources of food. Thus while the teeth of the cultivator may be run four or five inches deep at first, one or two inches is sufficiently deep later in the summer.

Sociology in Serge and Straw

O. HENRY.

THE season of irresponsibility is at hand. Come, let us twine round our brows wreaths of poison ivy (that is for idiocy), and wander hand in hand with sociology in the summer fields.

Likely as not the world is flat. The wise men have tried to prove that it is round, with indifferent success. They pointed out to us a ship going to sea, and bade us observe that at length the convexity of the earth hid from our view all but the vessel's topmast. But we picked up a telescope and looked and saw the deck and hull again. Then the wise men said: "O, pshaw! Anyhow, the variation of the intersection of the equator and the ecliptic proves it." We could not see this through our telescope, so we remained silent. But it stands to reason that if the world were round, the queues of the Chinamen would stand straight up from their heads instead of hanging down their backs, as travellers assure us they do.

Another hot weather corroboration of the flat theory is the fact that all of life, as we know it, moves in little, unavailing circles. More justly than to anything else, it can be likened to the game of baseball, and away we go. If we earn a run (in life we call it success), we get back to home plate and sit upon a bench. If we are thrown out we walk back to the home plate and sit upon a bench.

The circumnavigators of the alleged globe may have sailed the rim of a watery circle back to the same port again. The truly great return at the high tide of their attainments to the simplicity of a child. The million-

aire sits down at his mohogany to his bowl of bread and milk. When you reach the end of your career just take down the sign "Goal" and look at the other side of it. You will find "Beginning Point" there. It has been reversed while you were going around the track. But this is humor and must be stopped. Let us get back to the serious questions that arise whenever sociology turns summer boarder. You are invited to consider the scene of the story—wild Atlantic waves, thundering against a wooded and rock bound shore, in the Greater City of New York.

The town of Fishampton, on the south shore of Long Island, is noted for its clam fritters, and the summer residence of the Van Plushvelts. The Van Plushvelts have a hundred million dollars, and their name is a household word with tradesmen and photographers.

On the fifteenth of June, the Van Plushvelts boarded up the front door of their city house, carefully deposited their cat on the sidewalk, instructed the caretaker not to allow it to eat any of the ivy on the walls, and whizzed away in a 40-horsepower to Fishampton to stay alone in the shade, Amaryll's not being in their class. If you are a subscriber to the Toadies' Magazine you have often—You say you are not? Well, you buy it at a news-stand, thinking that the newsdealer is not wise to you. But he knows it all. HE knows! HE knows! I say that you have often seen in the Toadies' Magazine pictures of the Van Plushvelts' summer home; so it will not be described here. Our business is with young

Haywood Van Plushvelt, sixteen years old, heir to the century of millions, darling of the financial gods, and grandson of Peter Van Plushvelt, former owner of a particularly fine cabbage patch that has been ruined by an intrusive lot of downtown skyscrapers.

One afternoon Young Haywood Van Plushvelt strolled out between the granite gate posts of "Dolce far Niente"—that's what they call the place, and it was an improvement on dolce Far Rockaway, I can tell you.

Haywood walked down into the village. He was human, after all, and his prospective millions weighed upon him. Wealth had wreaked upon him its direfullest. He was the product of private tutors. Even under his first hobby-horse had tan bark been strewn. He had been born with a gold spoon, lobster fork and fish set in his mouth. For which, I hope later to submit justification, I must ask your consideration of his haberdashery and tailoring.

Young Fortunatus was dressed in a neat suit of dark blue serge, a neat white straw hat, neat low-cut tan shoes, linen of the well-known "immaculate" trade mark, a neat, narrow four-in-hand tie, and carried a slender, neat bamboo cane.

Down Persimmon Street (there's never a tree north of Hagerstown, Md.), came from the village "Smoky" Dodson, fifteen and a half, worst boy in Fishampton. "Smoky" was dressed in a ragged, red sweater, wrecked and weather-worn golf cap, run-over shoes, and trousers of the "serviceable" brand. Dust, clinging to the moisture induced by free exercise, darkened wide areas of his face. "Smoky" carried a baseball bat and a league ball that advertised itself in the rotundity in his trousers pocket.

Haywood stopped and passed the time of day.

"Going to play ball?" he asked.

"Smoky's" eyes and countenance confronted him with a frank, blue-and-freckled scrutiny.

"Me?" he said, with deadly mildness; "sure not. Cant' you see I've got a divin' suit on I'm going up in the submarine balloon to catch butterflies with a two-inch auger."

"Excuse me," said Haywood, with the insulting politeness of his caste, "for mistaking you for a gentleman. I might have known better."

"How might you have known better if you thought I was one?" said "Smoky," unconsciously a logician.

"By your appearance," said Haywood. "No gentleman is dirty, ragged and a liar."

"Smoky" hooted once like a ferry-boat, spat on his hand, got a firm grip on his baseball bat and then dropped it against the fence.

"Say," he said, "I knows you. You'r the pup that belongs in that swell private summer sanitarium for city guys over there. I seen you come out of the gate. You can't bluff nobody because you're mice. And because you got on swell clothes. Arabella! Yah!"

"Ragamuffin," said Haywood.

"Smoky" picked up a fence-rail splinter and laid it on his shoulder. "Dare you to knock it off" he challenged.

"I wouldn't soil my hands with you," said the aristocrat.

"Fraid," said "Smoky," concisely. "Youse city ducks ain't got the sand. I kin lick you with one hand."

"I don't wish to have any trouble with you," said Haywood. "I asked you a civil question, and you replied like a—like a—a cad."

"Wot's a cad??" said "Smoky."

"A cad is a disagreeable person," answered Haywood, "who lacks manners and doesn't know his place. They sometimes play baseball."

"I can tell you what a mollycoddle is," said Smoky. "It's a monkey dressed up by its mother and sent out to pick daisies on the lawn."

"When you have the honor to refer to members of my family," said Haywood, with some dim ideas of a code in his mind, "you'd better leave the ladies out of your remarks."

"Ho! ladies?" mocked the rude one. "I say ladies! I know what them rich women in the city does. They drink cocktails and swear and give parties to gorillas. The papers say so."

Then Haywood knew that it must be. He took off his coat, folded it neatly and laid it on the roadside grass, placed his hat upon it, and began to unknot his blue silk tie.

"Hadn't you better ring for your maid, 'Arabella,'" taunted Smoky. "Wot yer going to do, go to bed?"

"I'm going to give you a good trouncing," said the hero. He did not hesitate, although the enemy was far beneath him socially. He remembered that his father once thrashed a cabman, and the papers gave it two columns, first page. And the Toadies' Magazine had a special article on "Upper Cuts by the Upper Classes," and ran new pictures of the Van Plushvelt country seat, at Fishampton.

"Wot's a trouncing?" asked Smoky, suspiciously. "I don't want your old clothes. I'm no—oh you mean to scrap! My, my! I won't do a thing to mamma's pet. Criminy! I'd hate to be a hand laundered thing like you."

"Smoky" waited with some awk-

wardness for his adversary to prepare for battle. His own decks were always clear for action. When he should spit upon the palm of his terrible right it was equivalent to "You may fire now, Gridley."

The hated patrician advanced, with his shirt sleeves neatly rolled up. "Smokey waited, in an attitude of ease, expecting the affair to be conducted according to Fishampton's rules of war. These allowed combat to be prefaced by stigma, recrimination, epithet, abuse and insult, gradually increasing in emphasis and degree.

After a round of these "You're another" would come the chip knocked from the shoulder, or the advance across the "dare" line, drawn with a toe on the ground. Next, light taps given and taken, these also increasing in force until finally the blood was up and fists going at their best.

But Haywood did not know Fishampton's rules. Noblesse oblige kept a faint smile on his face as he walked slowly up to "Smoky" and said; "Going to play ball?"

"Smoky" quickly understood this to be the putting of the previous question, giving him a chance to make a practical apology by answering it with civility and revelance.

"Listen this time," said he. "I'm goin' skating on the river. Don't you see me automobile with Chinese lanterns on it standin' and waitin' for me?"

Haywood knocked him down. Smoky, suspiciously. "I don't deprive him of preliminary wrangle and oburgation was to send an armoured knight against a crashing lance without permitting him first to caracole around and the list to the flourish of trumpets. But he scrambl-

ed up and fell upon his foe, head, feet and fists.

The fight lasted one round of an hour and ten minutes.

It was lengthened until it was more like a war or a family feud than a fight. Haywood had learned some of the science of boxing and wrestling from his tutors, but these he discarded for the more instinctive methods of battle handed down by the cave-dwelling Van Plushvelts.

So, when he found himself, during the melee, seated upon the kicking and roaring "Smoky's" chest, he improved the opportunity by vigorously kneading handfuls of sand and soil into his adversary's ears, eyes and mouth, and when "Smoky" got the proper leg hold and "turned" him, he fastened both his hands in the Plushvelt hair, and pounded the Plushvelt head against the lap of mother earth. Of course, the strife was not incessantly active. There were seasons when one sat upon the other, holding him down, while each blew like a grampus, spat out the more inconvenient sections of gravel and earth, and strove to subdue the spirit or his opponent with a frightful and soul-paralyzing glare.

At last, it seemed that in the language of the ring, their efforts lacked steam. They broke away and each disappeared in a cloud as he brushed away the dust of the conflict. As soon as his breath permitted, Haywood walked close to "Smoky" and said:

"Going to play ball?"

"Smoky" looked pensively at the sky, at his bat lying on the ground, and at the "leaguer," rounding his pocket.

"Sure," he said, off-handedly. "The Yellowjackets play the 'Long Islands.' I'm captain of the 'Long Islands.'"

"I guess I didn't mean to say you were ragged," said Haywood. "But you are dirty, you know."

"Sure," said Smoky. "Yer get that way knockin' around. Say, I don't believe them New York papers about ladies drinkin' and havin' monkeys dinin' at the table with 'em. I guess they're lies, like they print about people eatin' out of silver plates and ownin' dogs that cost \$100."

"Certainly," said Haywood. "What do you play on your team?"

"Ketcher. Ever play any?"

"Never in my life," said Haywood. "I've never known any fellows except one or two of my cousins."

"Jer like to learn? We're goin' to have a practice game before the match. Wanter come along? I'll put you in left field, and yer won't be long ketchin' on."

"I'd like it bully," said Haywood. "I've always wanted to play baseball."

The ladies' maids of New York, and the families of Western mine owners with social ambitions will remember well the sensation that was created by the report that the young multi-millionaire, Haywood Van-Plushvelt, was playing ball with the village youths of Fishampton. It was conceded that the millennium of democracy had come. Reporters and photographers swarmed to the island. The papers printed half-page pictures of him as shortstop stopping a hot grounder. The Toadies' Magazine got out a Bat and Ball number that covered the subject historically, beginning with the vampire bat and ending with the Patriarch's ball, illustrated with interior views of the Van Plushvelt country seat. Ministers, educators and sociologists everywhere hailed the event as the tocsin call that proclaimed the universal brotherhood of man.

One afternoon I was reclining under the trees near the shore at Fishampton in the esteemed company of an eminent, bald-headed young sociologist. By way of note it may be inserted that all sociologists are more or less bald, and exactly thirty-two. Look 'em over.

The sociologist was citing the Van Plushvelt case as the most important "uplift" symptom of generations, and an excuse for his own existence.

Immediately before us were the village baseball grounds. And now came the sportive youth of Fishampton and distributed themselves, shouting about the diamond.

"There," said the sociologist, pointing, "there is young Van Plushvelt."

I raised myself (so far a cosyco-phante with Mary Ann) and gazed.

Young Van Plushvelt sat upon the ground. He was dressed in a ragged red sweater, wrecked and weather-worn golf cap, run-over shoes and trousers of the "serviceable" brand. Dust clinging to the moisture-induced

by free exercise, darkened wide areas of his face.

"That is he," repeated the sociologist. If he had said "him" I could have been less vindictive.

On a bench, with an air, sat the young millionaire's chum.

He was dressed in a neat suit of dark blue serge, a neat white straw hat, low-cut tan shoes, linen of the well-known "immaculate" trademark, a neat narrow four-in-hand tie, and carried a slender, neat bamboo cane.

I laughed loudly and vulgarly.

"What you want to do," said I to the sociologist, "is to establish a reformatory for the Logical Vicious Circle. Or else I've got wheels. It looks to me as if things are running around in circles instead of getting anywhere."

"What do you mean?" asked the man of progress.

"Why, look what he has done to 'Smoky,'" I replied.

"You will always be a fool," said my friend, the sociologist, getting up and walking away.

SAND

When sand is put into a man's courage, it enables him to keep on racing after his legs have quit, keep on fighting after he has been licked, and keep on working after the sheriff has carried off his desk.

Sand is in reality the fragments of ancient mountains, carried down into the valleys by the rushing rivers. And it is also bits from the lives of fine old heroes carried into human minds to-day by history and romance, poetry and drama.

Young men in search of sand will not find it in pool halls, or on the street corners, or in dance parlors, or around the side doors of theatres, or in dime novels, or in tailor shops, where their fathers have plenty of credit.

Poultry For Profit In Norfolk County

BY "ONLOOKER."

IN the first place the selection of a farm for free range will be necessary. One to be selected should be of a fairly sandy soil, dry, with some bush land, also a spring creek, if possible. The situation should be near a railway station or close to some good market.

In regard to the most profitable breeds the writer would suggest the following: First, for general purpose, Barred Rock, Rhode Island Red, White Wyandotte and White Orpington, which has of late come into prominence. For good layers of large white eggs and early broilers would advise trying White Leghorns. To give the best results would say that the White Leghorn, during the spring and summer months, does remarkably well in open front houses on some high and dry knoll in the bush land. On free range under such conditions they would be brought as near nature as it is possible to get them, and would result in strong fertility and healthy chicks.

For the heavier varieties the localities for housing while on free range might be selected near a stream of water and where general farming is being carried on. The same houses as used for Leghorns will answer for the larger varieties.

To obtain the greatest profits it would be advisable to keep pure breeds only, as one can then secure a portion of the "Eggs-for-Hatching" business.

A duck lays her egg, covers it up and walks off. Therefore there is no demand for duck eggs. A hen lays

her egg and cackles, which results in a great demand for her eggs. It pays to advertise.

Eggs for hatching should be properly packed and stamped with the owner's initials. The crates should be labelled with the owner's name and address in a conspicuous place. This helps to advertise your business.

In Norfolk County along the lake is found a tract of land particularly adapted to the early ranging of the breeding stock, consequently early eggs are produced, which have good vitality and hatch well.

The Norfolk Speciality Farms Company is setting a good example for poultry raisers in Norfolk County by rearing chicks from eggs selected from breeding stock treated as above. They feed the growing stock liberally, provide clean quarters for them and keep them free from all vermin. This company is using the colony house system of housing with Universal Hovers attached for brooding. Shavings are used for the first few weeks for litter, after which sand is used. A sprinkling of air-slaked lime is spread on the litter, which helps to keep down disease. All litter when cleaned out is drawn away from the houses as it would be, if left, a good breeding ground for disease germs. The chicks should receive a carefully prepared diet, consisting of a commercial chick food such as Purina, grit, green food and animal food, such as beef scrap or buttermilk. The first feed should consist of Purina, with a good supply of grit, while for first drink buttermilk is advisable. The

first few days they should be fed little and often. Feed every few hours at least. They should be taught to do without so much care after the first few weeks. Groatine, a form of hulled oats, should be used after the chicks are four weeks old, and whole wheat may be added at the age of six weeks. Hopper feeding is the most economical and should be used as soon as possible to lessen labor. In warm weather when lice and mites are bad the interior of the houses are sprayed. The spray should consist of two parts coal oil to one part of crude carbolic acid. Apply it with a brush to roosts and all places where mites may be found.

In the fall when the poultry is taken into winter quarters they

should be culled. Only the best should be put into the breeding pens. All culls should be put into fattening crates and prepared for the block. The feed should consist of two parts oatmeal, two parts buckwheat and one part cornmeal. This ration should be mixed into a mash made rather thin with buttermilk. From three to three and a half weeks is the maximum period they should be fed in crates, as they seldom make economical gains after this time.

In conclusion one must use care in the marketing of eggs and stock, while in the intervening time he must be continually on the lookout for trouble. In short he must know his business.



THE OLD BRIDGE.

On the old, old bridge, with its crumbling stones
All covered with lichens red and gray,
Two lovers were talking in sweet low tones:
And we were they!

As he leaned to breathe in her willing ear
The love that he vowed would never die,
He called her his darling, his dove most dear:
And he was I!

She covered her face from the pale moonlight
With her trembling hands, but her eyes looked through,
And listened and listened with long delight:
And she was you!

On the old, old bridge, where the lichens rust,
Two lovers are learning the same old lore;
He tells his love, and she looks her trust:
But we,—no more!

—Henry Van Dyke.

Conclusions Arrived At From A Study Of Holstein-Friesian Records

E. BRADT

1. That during the past ten years the average percentage of cows in the various classes producing amounts of butter fat per week ranging from 14 to 17 pounds, has not increased to any appreciable extent.

2. The percentage of cows with sires registered in the A. R. S. has been gradually increasing, thus showing an increase in the use of A. R. S. bulls by breeders.

3. The percentage of cows with dams in the A. R. O. runs very much lower than those having sires, indicating that more attention is paid to actual production in the case of the cows while back breeding influences in the use of the sires. Thus those in A. R. S. are more likely to be used where available.

4. That the percentage of cows with both sire and dam in the A. R. has increased during the past ten years; while that with neither so registered has decreased, further indicating an increased use of Advanced Registry stock.

5. From the fact that in each year there was a corresponding increase in percentage of sires in the A. R. S., wherever we have an increase in percentage of time that the daughter proved a better producer than her mother. We might infer from this that where the sire is an A. R. S. animal the chances of the offspring increasing in production over her dam are greater than where the sire is not in the A. R. S.

6. A gradual decrease in the percentage of cows giving less than 13 lbs. of fat per week: Indicating that the production of the breed is becoming greater, there being less of the lower producers and more of the higher ones.

7. The total percentage of medium producers of the A. R. O. stock has been more uniform. Indicating that the Holsteins are uniformly good, and that their average production stands well up.

8. The average age of the cow when making her record increases as the production increases. This ranging from 5.1 years in those producing 14 lbs. of fat per week to 5.7 years in those producing 17 lbs. With a total average of 5.3 years, which would somewhat indicate the age at which the Holstein cow reaches her best.

9. To show that it is the exceptional breeder that has the most influence on the breed as a whole and is the means of advancement in that breed more than the general mass: note that of the ten bulls chosen as being the sires of the largest proportion of my A. R. O. stock, eight of them are either sons or grandsons of the famous cow DeKol 2nd.

10. The pedigrees of the bulls which have seemed to be outstanding all show a good percentage of high-producing cows in the nearby ancestry. Thus showing that the milking qualities of a strain can be transmitted through the bull.

In some cases the pedigrees of these bulls show in breeding to quite a marked extent.

In conclusion, it might be said of the Advanced Register that its special merit lies in the fact that it shows the special characters of the ancestors and this is very important in breeding animals. The good individual is often worthless as a breeder. To be reasonably sure of a good breeder he must be

the product of a good ancestry and of the right kind, or else the drag of the race will tend to pull his progeny down very much. The Advanced Register shows the degree to which the individual actually possessed the productive abilities. If this system of Registry can be safeguarded against abuses, and then used as a basis of selection, it should prove of untold benefit to the breed and to the country at large.

THE SWAMP-SONG

In the shallow shining waters
 There is heard a twilight tone;
 There is heard a swamp-song rising
 With a weirdness all its own.
 There is heard a music trembling
 On the reeds along the shore,
 In a base and in an alto,
 In a treble, sweeter, lower.
 'Tis the music of the marshes,
 'Tis the voice of pipers clear
 Calling, calling to each other
 In the courses far and near.
 Ah, behold them! What a chorus,
 Gaily dressed in green surtout;
 Ah, behold them just before us
 From the still depths peering out;
 From the white of lotus blossoms
 Anchored on the waters still;
 From the shadow of the branches
 Leaning from the willowed hill.
 Yes, behold the mottled pipers
 With their music starward flung;
 Hear, oh hear the deep song welling:
 "Chug, ca-chug," and "Chung, ca-chung."
 When the chill is on the river
 And the frost is on the mead,
 When with snow the pines are bowing
 Low their stately heads indeed;
 There is naught but silence sleeping
 On the marshes gray and sere,
 There is naught to break the stillness
 Till the blooming of the year.
 Then, oh, then a chord awakens
 As with green the boughs are hung;
 Then we hear the swamp musicians:
 "Chug, ca-chug," and "Chung, ca-chung."
 —Leslie Clare Manchester.

The Woman Upon The Farm

MRS. M. W. BREESE.

This is the third article by experienced ladies upon this subject. Mrs. Breese is a farmer's wife and is well acquainted with the life she describes.

BACK on the pages of memory are happy thoughts of a little shock-headed, freckled-faced, bare-footed girl who spent life happily playing with her brothers and sisters among the trees of the old farm home. The rambling old house can be scarcely seen for the trees and the clinging grape and Virginia creeper. At the back of the house the "old and the new orchards," as we

robins had full swing of the maples and occasionally we caught glimpses of an oriole flitting among the trees while the dainty canary called "Baby" as she swayed among the grasses. How we romped and played, or walked sedately to the old rough-cast school to receive our education. One of the greatest lessons we all learned was that love of nature that was partly inherited and partly cultivat-



"We learned that love of nature."

called them, were divided by a thick hedge of plum trees, no good for fruit, but a perfect mass of beauty when in their spring dress. How the birds and the bees did revel in that old orchard. There were early apples and late, blossoms shading from deep cream and pink-tinted buds to the loveliest rose-pink bloom. Behind the old mossy stone milk-house a cat-bird each year built her nest, the

ed as we had it always about us. Never do I since find such apples as the ones we climbed for in the top of the old tree down in the corner, or such sugar-plums as the ones we used to get off the one solitary tree by the pump. Well do I remember the day my sister and I climbed the big black cherry tree down by the gate and up in the boughs we seated ourselves with a "pinny" full of cherries. We

were amusing ourselves meanwhile by naming all the big words we could remember, suddenly we were interrupted by a merry laugh, and looking down found a strange young man enjoying the unique cherry-birds.

Would I exchange the old farm days for a city life? No. When I hear the girls and women complain of the quiet country or the hard work I often think they are not making use of their opportunities or are trying to do the work of both man and woman.

How many bare houses we see which could be made beautiful with vines? How many rough, unkept front yards with never a bush or a flower? How many homes by the way-side that could be made beautiful with a very little labor or expense. Every woman loves flowers, and yet we find many people who will not take the trouble to sow a few seeds or attend to them. Why should the women on the farm have so much more to do than the average city woman? The country houses are much easier kept clean as they are not right on the road-side. There are always, or could always be shady, private spots where meals could be had out-side with so much comfort and pleasure. No woman can do the work in the house and field also, and no wonder a woman is dissatisfied who tries to do both. Of course, by this I do not mean the care of fowl or dairy work, most women rather like to do this, and of course it is a profitable feature of the farm which is the woman's privilege to attend.

The country woman has not so many pleasures as our city sisters, I know. But the telephone is bringing its own pleasure, the Woman's Institute has been a boon to the country woman, and no place do we find

warmer or truer friends than among the old neighbors. No one has my sympathy more than the woman who is cooped up in a city house on a hot, sultry day, or the girl who is working away in a badly ventilated office or factory. It brings to my mind these few lines from Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt":

"Work! Work! Work!

In the dull December light;
And work, work, work!

When the weather is warm and
bright—

While underneath the eaves

The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh, but to breathe the breath

Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;

For only one short hour

To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal."

Do you not think with me that the best way to keep the boy and girl on the farm would be to take them into your confidence more? To ask their advice about the ways of doing the work? They will feel that they are partners in the place, and will take more interest in what is being done. Give the son and daughter their own room, and allow them a little spending money to buy new paper, curtains, etc., you will be amply repaid with the pleasure you have given.

Every boy and girl should have as good an education as you can give them. Good reading matter and music will do worlds to keep your family with you—be assured it is money well spent. Many a girl wants to leave home to earn enough to buy pretty

hats and dresses to be like other girls and do we blame her. Not at all: it is perfectly natural; but it would pay better to spend a little more on Mary's clothes than break down mother's health by doing the work of two. I often think were there more privileges given and more pleasures taken, the women and girls on the farm would be more satisfied to remain. Work in country or city is exacting, but we can make the most pleasant task work if we feel it that way. Life all the world over is as we make it. Town and country alike have their advantages and their disadvantages and if we are always looking for the clouds we will miss the sunshine. People often foolishly allow themselves to get into a rut, do their work the same way day after day, never try anything new, hang the pictures and place the furniture in the same old way and wonder why life is so monotonous. If you have

never had flowers and vines before, try them this year. If the men are too busy, dig the ground yourself, or if you cannot or have no suitable place put a window box or two, and a few in the vegetable garden, and see how much interest you will have acquired. Make our country life a beautiful one, and we will hear less of women who are not satisfied. If our life is in the country, be glad for the blessings we enjoy of the fresh air, the sunset, the song of birds the new laid eggs and the clean, pure milk and butter that so many of the city friends long for. But, no matter where our home is these few lines of R. L. Stevenson will suit us all:

"To meet with cheerful heart what
comes to me,
To turn life's discord into harmony,
To share some weary worker's heavy
load,
To point some straying comrade to
the road."

"There was a child went forth every day
And the first object he looked upon
That object he became,
And that object became part of him for the day,
Or a certain part of the day,
Or for many years, or stretching cycles of years.
The early lilacs became part of this child,
The grass and white and red morning glories,
The white and red clover and the song of the phoebe bird,
And the water-plants with their graceful flat heads
All became part of him."

Canadian Citizenship

DAN H. JONES

CITIZENSHIP, in the broadest sense of the term, implies enjoyment of the full political privileges of the country in which one resides. The political privileges of different countries vary according to the laws in force in those countries. Hence, citizenship in one country may imply the enjoyment, or, on the contrary, the suffering of much that citizenship in another country does not imply.

Canadian citizenship is obtainable by a man who is of age in any of three ways: first, by his having been born within the precincts of the Dominion; second, by his being British born in any British country other than Canada and subsequent continuous residence in Canada for two years; and third, if of foreign extraction by his taking the oath of allegiance to the British Crown, according to the terms appointed by the Canadian Constitution and subsequent residence in Canada.

The privileges of Canadian citizenship include protection by the law from, or recompense for, injury of any nature due to the misconduct of others. Further, it includes a voice in the framing of the laws both of the Province of which one is a citizen and also of the Dominion, through the medium of the ballot vote for the election of representatives to the parliaments.

Such is the nature of Canadian citizenship expressed in the briefest manner. To elaborate a little, we may enquire somewhat in a general way into the nature of the constitution, its origin and application, and the conditions throughout the country resultant therefrom.

Canada stands as a self-governing Dominion owing allegiance to the British Crown, being the foremost of those Dominions which constitute so large a part of the British Empire. It consists of a number of self-governing Provinces banded together in a federal union. The governments of these Provinces are independent of each other so far as their own internal affairs are concerned, but are mutually dependant in matters relating to the Dominion as a whole. Likewise, the Dominion, whilst it is self-governing so far as Dominion matters are concerned, must defer to the British Crown when imperial matters relating to the British Empire are involved.

The Canadian constitution, according to the North American Act of 1867, is framed according to the British constitution with modifications to suit local conditions. In the preamble of this famous Act, it is stated that a constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom was wished, and such was obtained and still obtains.

The British constitution is the outcome of centuries of continuous struggle on the part of the British people to obtain conditions that would enable them to make the most and the best of life in all its varied aspects. This struggle still goes on, notwithstanding the fact that in the interests of liberty, justice, and civilization the British Parliament is the recognized mother of parliaments, and ever leads the van in the onward march of progress.

Whilst the British constitution is in a measure expressed in legal forms, it acknowledges powers that are un-

expressed other than by tradition, usage, or precedent, or by the development of new situations, and so it is somewhat elastic in character and changes in a measure as conditions of life change or demand change. Hence, the fathers of Confederation wished for a constitution similar in principle rather than form, to that of the British constitution. And, as above stated, as a result of their efforts such obtains in Canada.

A Canadian citizen, then, enjoys the protection of laws similar in spirit to those which in Great Britain have been slowly elaborated during centuries of conflict and deliberation. But citizenship in Canada differs from citizenship in Britain, if not in so far as the laws of the land are concerned, then in the general conditions as they exist. The great extent of the territory and the sparsity of the population of Canada, naturally provide conditions of life very different from those which obtain in the Old Land where the territory is so small and the population so great. One accustomed to life in Canada on visiting the Old Land feels most woe-fully "cribbed, cabined, and confined," physically, as he moves about from one place to another amongst the teeming crowds. He finds it more or less incumbent upon him to consider the welfare of others whom he is constantly coming in contact with. He feels as though he had less liberty there than here. This, however, is more apparent than real, for, providing he break not the law, he will not find a place on the globe where he may enjoy greater freedom. There, one's energies are confined to a narrower sphere of action than is the case here, life becomes more specialized, division of labor is the order of the day, and hence greater concentra-

tion, and greater intensity of life is common in all the spheres of activity—trades, business, law, and education in all its phases.

In Canada, the spheres of activity are so large, so scattered, so thinly peopled, that the individual life is liable to become broad but lacking in depth, richness, fullness. Things material are so abundant, so much in evidence, force themselves on one's notice to such an extent that one is liable to forget, or not to perceive, things less tangible but of equal importance to the complete life—the intellectual, the moral, the spiritual, the realm of the imagination.

But what possibilities there are for the Canadian citizen to build up a rich life's experience! Every field of activity is open to him, is calling to him for the expenditure of his energy. The choice is so wide and varied it is bewildering, and seeing that if at first we do not make a success in one sphere, others are ready for us, we grow careless and swaggering in our gait, and hence when we find ourselves set down in an older civilization we feel hampered by the supposed restrictions to our liberty. We lack the discipline of life acting on life that is current in the older countries. Of course, we may discipline ourselves, but most of us, however, are lacking in resolution to do so. Dr. Adami, of McGill, recently in an address on "True Citizenship," dwelt at length on the bearing of the Canadian youth, as compared with that of the youth of European countries, very much to our detriment. In casting about for a cause, he found what seemed to him the most likely cause in the lack of discipline extant in our primary schools, owing to the fact that the teachers in such schools are about ninety per cent. women. These

he maintained, cannot adequately control the activities of the boys under their charge, hence the boys take license for liberty and such becomes so ingrained in their nature that the tendency is not gotten rid of later, but manifests itself more or less all through life. His proposed remedy is to make the scholastic profession more attractive to young men by offering greater financial inducements, and better educational facilities enabling them to get a more speedy promotion to the higher grades of educational activity in the colleges and universities as they get older and better equipped for such.

As presumably a country's laws exist for the right conduct of life in the community, life should be highest and best in that country where the laws are of such a character and are so maintained that the best possible that is in man has full scope for its complete development. A general survey of conditions prevailing in other countries and our own in this particular, will lead us to conclude with pardonable pride that we, as citizens of Canada, are as well favored as any, and that the possibilities ahead of us, all things considered, are superior to those offering in other countries.



FATHER

He never made a fortune, or a noise
 In the world where men are seeking after fame;
 But he had a healthy brood of girls and boys,
 Who loved the very ground on which he trod.
 They thought him just a little short of God:
 Oh you should have heard the way they said his name—
 "Father."

There seemed to be a tender little prayer
 In their voices even when they called him "Dad,"
 Though the man was never heard of anywhere
 As a hero, yet you somehow understood
 He was doing well his part and "making good"
 And you knew it by the way his children had
 Of saying "Father."

He gave them neither eminence nor wealth
 But he gave them blood untainted with a vice:
 And the opulence of undiluted health;
 He was honest, and unpurchasable and kind;
 He was clean in heart, and body, and in mind;
 So he made them heirs to riches beyond price—
 This Father.

He never preached, nor scolded; and the rod—
 Well he used it as a turning pole in play;
 But he showed the tender sympathy of God
 To his children in their troubles and their joys.
 He was always chum and comrade with his boys;
 And his daughters—Oh, you ought to hear them say,
 "Father."—The Nantilus.

Home Decoration

PREPARED BY M. LONG

THE home is the most vital thing in one's life, and should possess the attention of every right-minded individual. In it are born and nurtured our best ideals, which journey with us to the end of our days.

Good art in our homes is largely a matter of education, and we will never have it until we learn to distinguish between the beautiful and the ugly.

Good taste has nothing to do with the amount of money spent, whether it be \$5,000 or \$500 the principles remain the same. Extravagance does not produce beauty, and some of our richest people as well as our poorest, have not yet come to see the value of good taste.

Simplicity, and not the amount of money expended, is the foundation of all really effective decoration. Therefore avoid extravagance of ornament, glaring contrasts of color and over elaboration.

Those who are re-furnishing a home are face to face with a three-fold problem. First, in arranging one's present belongings to the best advantage. Second, in sacrificing all useless and ugly objects. Third, in selecting new articles that shall fit appropriately into the already established home. To accomplish any one of these, requires patience, experiment, and a clear conception of the final effect desired. It is no use to begin moving things about and bringing in new material until one knows what result she is after. This may be decided to a certain extent, before the first move is made.

Personality and individuality is of

vital importance in decoration and furnishing, and the influence of an interior lacking these qualities, is as negative as the influence of a person lacking character.

One should begin by a tour of inspection, challenging every article in every room with such questions as—

In what way is this article useful?

Does it serve its purpose in a simple, direct manner?

Is it durable?

Is it made of appropriate material?

Is it pleasing in form and color?

Is it decorated, does the decoration improve it or otherwise?

If all articles that fail to measure up to the standard were banished, our rooms would be simpler, more genuine, and more spacious. So long as picture and vase is "serving its day and generation" it may be retained; but when it becomes negative in value its usefulness and attractiveness has passed.

Sometimes, certain pieces of furniture, which, from their harmony and design would make a room distinctive, are scattered broadcast through the house, no one of them showing to advantage because of the lack of relation between it and its surroundings. In every room of the house we may find, side by side, mahogany, walnut, light oak, mission, burnt wood, and wicker. Do not mix different kinds of wood or styles of furniture in one room, though wicker chairs may be used in almost any combination.

Color.

Who shall decide the standards of good taste in color when housewives disagree? Just as certain combina-

tions of sound waves act pleasantly upon the ear drum, and others do not, so certain combinations of color please the optic nerve, and others jar it. So it is a matter of physical law, not of the emotions and is, therefore, not all a matter of taste. There are certain laws of color that are as immutable as gravitation, and what is said of color harmony is based on these laws.

Color is a definite language, by it we express degrees of rest and unrest, cheer and depression, light and darkness, warmth and coolness, dignity and frivolity, youth and age, and many other elements, all of which the homemaker finds it necessary to use, if she would decorate her home in the true sense of the word.

It is necessary that we should comprehend the meaning of the terms—hue, value or tone, harmony and intensity.

Hue

has reference to the amount of another color in combination. Greenish blue is one hue, purplish blue is another. Different hues should not be used together so as to produce discord. This is a very common transgression against good taste and is often the result of indolence or indifference in seeking a more perfect match.

The hues of red known as crimson, scarlet, oxblood, etc., are each insistent in their natures. The first is made of red and blue; the second of red and yellow. This brings into use the three primary elements of all pigment colors. Red has possession, so to speak, in both hues. But the blue in crimson, and the yellow in scarlet, are striving with the red and with each other for prominence. The result is war: hence the discomfort to the trained taste when crimson and

scarlet appear to the eye at the same time.

Value or Tone.

In light rooms darker values or tones should be used and in dark rooms a lighter tone. The darker tones must be used on the floors, medium tones on the walls and lighter on the ceiling.

History has proved that light color tones have expressed mirth, youth, joy, lightness, femininity. Dark tones have meant depression, stability, dignity, strength, poise, quietness, masculinity.

Marie Antoinette gave us a wealth of color combinations, each tone of which was above middle value. While Queen Elizabeth left only schemes of decorative force darker than middle value. Compare the women, their national environment, the activities of their times, and see in this a real reason why light soft greens, yellows, browns, blues, and violets are suitable for the cheerful sitting-room, the drawing-room, the bed-room, etc. Also why the dark, rich browns, reds, purples, greens and blues contribute dignity and quiet strength in the library, the city dining-room, the assembly hall, etc.

There are homes whose decorations and furnishings shout at us "like bedlam let loose," and the proud possessor of all this color riot hides her lack of taste by declaring "Nature does it." Nature has earth, and sky, and sea, in which to display her gorgeousness: man is limited by four walls and his ignorance.

Why do we not see that all large areas in our homes, all parts of the room which are to be backgrounds for the furniture, pictures, bric-a-brac, or people must be less persistently forceful than the things shown against them. If we could realize

this, bad wall-papers, with bouquets, placed at regular distances, persistently demanding to be counted, would be tabooed. Crude rugs, metal ceilings, etc., would disappear, and the weary would be nearer rest.

Red and yellow are warm colors and help to brighten cold rooms. Gray, blue and green are more suitable for bright, warm rooms.

Two or more colors may be used in a room, provided they do not clash, or the brighter color over-balance the others. Great care should be taken to avoid too violent contrasts.

Intensity.

This property of color is, perhaps, the most important of all, for most people are prone to use colors that are too intense. On general principles the less intense or grayed colors are preferable in decoration. The contrast with other colors is less violent, and they make the most pleasing background.

Harmony.

There are two kinds of harmony. Harmony of contrast and harmony of analogy.

Harmony of contrast, such as blue and orange, preferably for large rooms. Great care should be taken to avoid loudness. The orange should be used sparingly to relieve the blue.

Harmony of analogy produced by related colors such as yellow and yellow green in different tones. This is preferable to use in small rooms. It is important to consider the house as a whole if we want harmony. This does not mean that one color scheme must be used for the whole house. But the important thing is to provide harmonies for the eye wherever the beholder may be standing. Rooms opening into each other should harmonize with the general effect. That is, do not use a red portiere in the

doorway of your red room, and a pink portiere at your pink room door, hoping they will make your brown hall look other than hideous. We must first draw a plan of the whole house with this in mind, and decide on the dominant color for each room, noticing from what points they may be seen through doorways. Plan for general harmony. When choosing the scheme for a given room, consider what atmosphere you wish to produce. Is it a cheerful dining-room? Use red, yellow or orange—preferably, subordinate to gray or grayed green. Red and orange are strong colors, so use them sparingly. If it is a quiet library, brown or olive relieved with green. For a cheerful bed-room, use light tints and white. White gives the cleanly look, and the tints are better with white than with darker shades. If old furniture and hangings are to be used our problem will be more difficult and will tax our ingenuity and patience. But after the discarding of useless and unsightly objects has been accomplished it is simplified somewhat. What remains must be considered in our scheme.

Now we are ready to select wall-papers, furniture, finish for floors, woodwork, rugs, draperies, furniture coverings, all of which must harmonize with one general scheme.

Select the wallpaper say, and match hangings, paint, etc., to that. Near matches will not do. Two or three hues of a color, though almost alike are enough to kill a room. Remember, the walls and floor serve as a background, and any object less intense than its background looks insipid. The most important principle in wall decoration is, colors rendered less intense by being grayed are softest on walls. A "grayed color" is one

that includes gray in its mixture, and therefore, looks grayish or softened when placed beside a bright, pure, intense color. Some mixed colors, like olive, buff or rose produce the same effect. Fortunately it is easy to get grayed papers, at reasonable prices. This principle may be put to the test by holding a bouquet of pink roses against a red background, and then against a gray. To a less degree the wall-paper has the same effect on all the objects in the room. Or hang a picture against white, then bright green, then gray green, and note the effect.

The ceiling, naturally dark, should have a tint a little off white if it blends with the side walls. A large white surface is disturbing in a room where color is used.

Floors should be darker than walls, for the strongest light falls on them. An otherwise pleasant room is often spoiled by a light pine or maple floor. Rugs, of course, may cover the wood sufficiently to obviate the defect in a large measure. Tans, light browns and grays are good.

The woodwork should be treated to harmonize with the walls, or a harmony of contrast is permissible. Natural wood like the furniture may produce a pleasing effect, in such a case choose a wall color with regard to the woodwork.

When the background is established, then rugs and draperies come next, as they enter most prominently into the color scheme. When rugs are used, where one color predominates it should be darker than the walls. Either a darker tone of the same color, or a darker tone of the supplementary color, if a harmony of contrast is employed.

Draperies should be chosen with equal care. It is usually safest to

choose tones of the predominant color for heavy draperies, while a light tone of the complementary color may be used at windows.

Bric-a-brac is to be chosen, still bearing the color plan in mind. It need not combine quite as closely with the scheme, but all discordant colors should be barred out.

A Sample Room.

A large library where a quiet atmosphere is desired. Brown, relieved with green, is one combination that would produce it.

Ceiling—A very light cream, tan or India tint.

Woodwork—Ash, oak, or chestnut, treated with a filler to bring out the grain and to stain the wood brown; dark oak stain may be used. A dull finish is best. Or if the woodwork is to be painted, use a medium tone of brown.

Side Walls — Brown wall-paper, same hue as woodwork, but of a different tone, richer and warmer. A two-tone effect, with an unobtrusive pattern will give good results.

Floor—If hard-wood, stain a tone darker than side wall, or cover well with rugs in which green and brown are the prominent colors.

Windows—Curtains of ecru lace, net, muslin, scrim or madras. If side draperies are used, tan, light brown or green.

Portieres—Green or brown, carefully matching the hue to walls, etc.

Furniture—Oak to match woodwork, is far better than mahogany. Green to match portieres may be used on upholstered pieces.

Bric-a-brac — Green lamp, green and brown vases, brasses. Avoid red and inharmonious hues of green or brown.

Pictures—Brown or gilt frames.

Miscellaneous: Brown or green

table cover; couch cover, brown and green predominates; brown, green and yellow sofa cushions. Avoid red and blue.

There is danger in getting inharmonious hues in above scheme, as some browns are reddish, some mustard-yellow, some are grayish. Hold to one kind. So with the green, avoid bright grass green and keep to blue greens, olive or gray greens. Gold, brass and yellow may be used, but in very moderate amount, so as not to produce a confusion in color effect.

Design: Ornament and design should be used with great restraint on flat surfaces. Cretonne and chintz effects are permissible in bedrooms, but as a rule patterns should be unobtrusive in form and never striking in color.

The object of design applied to flat surfaces, is not to produce a picture, but to break monotony. Walls form a background, remember, and as soon as the background is so striking as to detract from pictures or bric-a-brac, it is wrong in principle. A flowing design which does not force the repeated pattern upon the vision is the only kind to be permitted upon the walls. Papers in which the wreath or the medallion or the bunch of flowers is repeated mathematically, produce an unpleasant effect. We count the pattern units vertically, horizontally, diagonally. Try being ill in a room papered with such a pattern and you will be convinced. Small chance for your choice pictures and bric-a-brac.

In wall paper, therefore, the novice should look for quiet flowing patterns, preferably in two-tone effects. If the pattern is difficult to make out, so much the better. A plain paper or fabric effect, with no pattern at all is effective.

The same principle holds good in hangings and furniture coverings. Simple nets and muslins are being used for curtains by the best decorators in preference to the popular Irish Point, with its curves and striking design.

Some optical illusions worth remembering—Red, orange, yellow, and to some extent brown and green, are advancing colors and tend to make a large room look smaller when they are used on the walls. Blue, gray, blue-green, and violet are receding colors, and tend to make a small room look larger.

Large patterns advance, and tend to make a room look smaller. Vertical lines, such as striped wall papers, tend to make a low-ceiled room look higher. Horizontal lines, such as picture moulding, chair rail, plate rail, etc., tend to make a room look lower and broader. A wall divided horizontally into exact halves or thirds is less pleasing than one in which the divisions avoid exact proportions.

Furniture: Choice depends necessarily upon the needs of the occupants. Admit no pieces which do not serve these needs. Leave out all show pieces like spindly gilt chairs. Furniture is to be used, not merely looked at. If you cannot afford fine furniture, get something simple in plain oak, and stain it to suit the color scheme.

Light varnished oak pieces in themselves are not beautiful, being usually poor in design and cheap in finish, still if we accept this yellow-brown color as a basis for arranging an entire room a charming result may be obtained. For example, a north room will create a glowing and harmonious effect if fitted up with bed, bureau, washstand, and chairs of varnished oak, cream woodwork, a

mixed rug of tans and browns, or Japanese matting with rug, pale yellow, tan, or golden brown ingrain paper on the walls, cream white ceiling and cream scrim curtains on the windows.

The keynote of all success in furnishing is harmony.

The best furniture is simple in outline, and not over embellished with carving, straight lines fit in well with the straight lines of the walls and doors—but beware of extremes. Above all do not buy too much furniture. Most of our homes are overcrowded. A few useful, graceful pieces that fit the decorative schemes, carefully placed to give the room a balanced look, produce best results. A little bric-a-brac goes a long way. Too much is like too much jewelry, and a crowded mantel may spoil a whole room.

Pictures: A few sepia prints in brown frames, water-colors, soft-toned color prints, etc., enough to be effective without overcrowding the walls. Overcrowding is a common error.

Lamps: Soft coloring and simpli-

city are best. One way to secure a good lamp is to buy a plain font and burner, and have them fitted into some simple, tasteful piece of undecorated pottery, of green, gray, yellow or whatever best fits the color scheme. Then get a Japanese shade, cut out the flowery paper, and substitute a plain cloth to match the base.

There are few homes now-a-days, but some still remain, that are described as follows: "The house is a museum for several generations of bric-a-brac. Upstairs is for the past. Downstairs is the present, or approximately so. Every picture with its scarfs, every chair with bows, gilded rolling-pins, painted milk stools, ribboned coal scuttles, coffin plates mounted on black velvet, and all the rest, pervading every foot of space on wall and floor."

The furnishing and decorating of a home is a serious business, as it may have to serve for a lifetime. Most of us cannot afford to correct our mistakes by discarding what we have already paid for and purchase new. Better spend one year planning than fifty regretting.



"If of thy wealth thou be bereft,
And of thy goods there be but left
Two loaves—sell one and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul."

Keep Politics Out Of The Farmers' Clubs

J. G. MITCHELL, MITCHELLVILLE, ONT.

This is the concluding article of our series relating to farm organizations. In it Mr. Mitchell, who is one of the young farmers of Eastern Ontario, gives his views for keeping political discussions from farmer club meetings. He is a member of a club of this nature and his arguments should be seriously considered.

THERE are throughout Ontario at the present time a series of organizations designated as Farmers' Clubs. What is the object of these organizations? To enable the farmers of our great province to come together, to discuss with each other the many problems that are at the present time confronting them, to educate themselves by acquiring a common interest that will ultimately enable them to better their condition intellectually and financially. In other words, the essence of the organization is comprised in the one word "unity," and history will bear out the old adage "In unity there is strength." This in the main is the object of this organization, and is an introduction to the thoughts that will be given expression to as this article proceeds.

Should an organization of this nature mingle or interfere in the politics of this country? Assuredly not. Why? There are many cogent reasons which will appeal to the thoughtful and ambitious farmer for this statement. Rightly or wrongly, there has grown up under British institutions a system of parliamentary government which involves the establishment of two great political parties. We pride ourselves upon the British Constitution which enabled us to found a system of parliamentary government in Canada that stands as high, if not higher, than any system of constitutional government of any

country in either the eastern or western hemisphere. The success of this system has depended almost absolutely upon the organization and establishment of two great political parties. It matters not whether we call them Liberals and Conservatives, Grits and Tories, or any other cognomens. The principle is there, and the constitution is based on that principle. How often have we heard the argument that a strong opposition was the secret of honest government. And how true we know those sentiments are. It can be maintained and successfully maintained by illustration and by practice that the parliamentary government carried on by a system of well-organized political parties who battle periodically in election contests is the best and most thorough in the history and annals of the countries of the world.

What does a well-organized system of two political parties mean? It means that from boyhood up the impulse of the sturdy youth of our country is to associate himself with one or other of the great political parties. It may be true that the theoretical argument of some of our "independent" electors to the effect that purity of administration can only be secured by early political prejudices being overshadowed by prudent thought, may sound reasonable to the man who studies "theory" and has not had the privilege of "practice." Argue as you

will, political prejudices are begotten in boyhood in eighty per cent. of our people, and the stirring of those in-born ideas antagonizes the subject of them to even more unreasonable and consistent prejudice. Let me illustrate. Two young men were bosom friends, they were companions constantly, occupied rooms in a city side by side, and shared each other's confidences for several years. An election was mooted. One of these young men was absolutely convinced through the representations and counsel of his parents from his youth up, of the unexampled purity of one political party and the utter worthlessness of the other; while the other from boyhood had acquired the peculiar knowledge that vice versa was the case. Both were clever, keen in argument, and at the outset of this campaign they playfully and then seriously "trod on the other's corns." What was the result? They were fortunately big enough to see that continuation of argument meant estrangement, and finally political argument was tabooed. They are still friends. This is a true story, and every reader of this article has seen illustrations of a similar character. Apparently all the unreasonableness and "cussedness" in a man's nature appears at the surface when politics are being discussed. In theory it is wrong, in practice it is true nevertheless.

What is true of individuals is true of organizations. No organization of any description has ever stood in this country where affairs of state have been allowed to creep in and demolish the very groundwork of its foundation. True it is that the labor organizations have in some populous centres like Maisonneuve and Hamilton managed to elect a member of Parliament,

but the influence of those representatives is as naught. Illustrations can be given without number where a member of one or other of the great political parties who has been elected by the vote of a particular class, such as the labor vote, has been enabled to secure legislation in behalf of those voters at the hands of the political party to which he has pledged his support, while without the influence of his party none would be forthcoming. While the labor vote has been mentioned, this is also true of the farmers. The farming vote of this country is the great voice to which both political parties must appeal. But it would be ridiculous to assume by any conceivable trick of the imagination that that great voice is going to raise itself to blast any political party. No organization, no system could be inaugurated, that could possibly weave itself into any such meshes. That voice of opinion is strong in its quiet strength that has taught either political party to guard the interests of those who engender it, and has acquired that strength without any spirit of antagonism.

What are the teachings of any of the secret societies that have done so much to upbuild mankind? Did anyone ever hear an unprejudiced man say that they tolerated for one moment any political discussion of any kind? How long would any of those organizations last if such were tolerated? They would be obliterated immediately. Political discussion is not tolerated for the express purpose of securing and keeping harmony in all the brotherhoods. If this is the case would not inclusion of matters of this nature in an organization of farmers have similar results?

What after all is the object of a farmers' club? To-day the farmers

of our country are growing into a recognition of their standing in the community. The day has almost passed that a man is a winner on a farm because he can wield an axe with extraordinary ability, or handle a pitchfork with easy dexterity. Brains are required to-day to make the farmer a success. He must read, he must study market conditions, he must understand soil conditions and rotation of crops, he must know the value of tile, he must acquaint himself with methods for the exterminations of weeds, he must know the value of stock and how to improve the same; in short, he must be a man of energy, of brains, and of judgment. All these necessities prove to him the value of co-operation, of the benefits to be derived from the views of his brother-farmers, of the importance of securing advantages by working in conjunction with his neighbor. Has any farmer stopped to think of the innumerable subjects offered to him for discussion that he has in common with his brother-farmer? Has he ever decided in his own mind the possibility of each acre of land that he has in his possession? Does he realize that with the enormously increasing population of this country the farmer's output must religiously increase to keep up with the demand? Does he know what particular products are being shipped into Canada to-day because of under-production on the farms of our country? If he has not studied these things, does he not think it more sensible to meet with his neighbor and discuss how to meet these conditions than to elaborate upon the respective merits of Borden and Laurier, of Whitney and Rowell, and undoubtedly stir up friction within themselves? There is no comparison between the two assumptions.

Not so many years ago there was formed in the Province of Ontario an organization known as the Patrons of Industry. This organization was founded on a splendid basis and received the support of the best farmers of Ontario. Branches were established in every little hamlet possible, and the organization boomed. Co-operative stores were arranged for and the society began to flourish and develop. Unfortunately, insidiously as it were, a political influence began to permeate the gatherings. Those at the head became ambitious. They stormed and threatened against the two political organizations, and branded them as being the creatures of the manufacturers and the moneyed interests. Many of the members it is true acquiesced in the verbose efforts of their confreres. Others dissented. The dissenters discontinued their attendance, the organization was ridiculed, and although one or two of the society were eventually sent to Parliament, their efforts there were useless, and the whole organization, founded on good principles, went out like a puff of smoke.

No one would for a moment pretend that there can be a "farmer's" party in this or any other country. Neither could there be a "doctors'" party, or a "lawyers'" or a "manufacturers'" party. It is neither workable nor conceivable. No body of men of a particular calling in life, be they what they may, can by organization or otherwise control a young and growing country. It would not be well that they should. Dissension would be created between class and class, and friction would be rife. Organizations are excellent when kept within proper bounds and surrounded with proper safeguards. The Constitution and By-laws of all such should be so

framed and ordered that every semblance of such discussion and action should be eliminated from its conventions. It is imperative that they should protect themselves. It is inconceivable that men who organize and draft the rules, regulations and objects of such institutions can permit otherwise unless underlying their actions is some motive of personal aggrandisement. Why then should the farmer, who has everything to gain and nothing to lose in the formation of these clubs, become a party to a club or society of this nature unless he can eliminate controversial discussion such as political references engender? A warning is not an argument. But a sincerely uttered warning always has an effect that is sometimes very lasting. Let us pause and consider lest for the moment we take a step that cannot be retraced.

A great future is before the agriculturist of Canada. Millions of acres are still untouched by the ploughshare, acres with possibilities unknown. The improvement existing in farming conditions of to-day in contra-distinction with that of twenty years ago is but a bubble to the improvement that is to come. In western Canada we have but "scratch ed the surface," as yet; in the great northern clay belt of Ontario great

tracts of country still remain untrodden. As these unoccupied acres become inhabited, so must our cities and towns keep pace, and as our country draws within its bosom the hundreds of thousands of immigrants who are daily wending their way to our shores, the great home market that we now enjoy will more and more increase until we shall have right at our door the best home market in the world, free to Canada's agriculturists and them alone, with all the possibilities such market means. The farmers must be up and doing. They must combine and educate the other. They must interest themselves in market conditions so that daily they may become closer and closer to the great consuming population. Let them forget politics and assure themselves that both great political parties of this country must and will continue to deal by them justly, so that when they convene together there may be no feeling of animus, but a concentrated idea to assist each other in formulating methods to improve existing conditions and make them better from day to day. The question is serious, it requires serious thought and consideration, and in the mind of the writer who looks to a great future for the farmers of Canada is written in big letters "Keep politics out of the Farmers' Clubs."



LIFE.

We live in deeds, not words; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs; he most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—Bailey.

"On Est Mieux Ici Qu'en Face"

BY LEONARD MERRICK

ON the Quai de Passy, in Paris, stands an unattractive little cafe with a witty window. A faded announcement in the language of the land informs the observant that "One is better off in here than opposite." And when one glances opposite the alternative is the river.

Let us eavesdrop at this humble cafe. Let us hearken to the discourse held among three customers. Let—But first let us accompany two of them on the way there.

At nine o'clock on a summer's evening, in his lodging off the Avenue du Maine, Xavier Mariquot bade farewell to the world. On the table, explaining the motives for his suicide, lay an epistle that he had been revising for some hours. It was directed to a friend, but as Mariquot was a literary aspirant it was intended primarily for the press. Now that it was finished and sealed, the cheerfulness induced by its composition deserted him; he reflected wistfully that he himself would never see his pathetic letter in print and regretted that it could not appear before he died. He wondered whether the public would do justice to his metaphors. Also he wondered whether the news would be headed *Suicide of a Novelist or Lovers Drown Together*. He hoped for the former.

The artistry of Mariquot had moved him to make such a host of alterations in the letter before the fair copy was finally accomplished that the floor was strewn with the rough drafts. He collected these, and having burned them carefully—all of us would wish our letter written on the brink of suicide to be regarded as

spontaneous—took his hat from the accustomed peg.

"For the last time!" said the young man thoughtfully. He cast a backward glance at the room and slammed the door.

A full moon shone over Montparnasse and life did not look repellent to him. He couldn't avoid remembering that this double tragedy had been the suggestion of the lady whom he was walking very slowly to meet, and that when he dramatically agreed to it he had, so to speak, been "rushed." Originally it had been her Southern temperament plus her Southern beauty that enslaved him, but at that time he had not foreseen his father wrenching him from literature and Paris and convulsing two kindred souls. In view of his inexorable parent, perhaps a gramme or two less temperament in the lady might have made for good. To be sure, a career of commerce in Rennes would have been disgusting, but the river would be very deep. And he was touchingly young to die!

Well, all Paris would say as much when they read his letter in the newspapers. The reflection encouraged him. "So young! Poor boy!" Boulevardiers would shake their heads compassionately over their aperitifs; lovely women would utter his name in salons: "Xavier Mariquot, evidently a genius, gone to his grave!" Yet, he was going to create a sensation at last. Still, he wouldn't be here to enjoy it.

"There's always something!" sighed Mariquot, glowering at the heavens.

She was waiting for him by the Bullier-Nouveau. She wore a simple frock of black, and though she usually affected hats with a sweeping brim she had donned a toque for this occasion. She was on the stage—when she got engagements—and realized the kind of garments becoming to a heroine on the road to drown. In the glitter of the entrance, to which happier couples were hastening with their pumps wrapped in copies of *La Patrie*, her oval face was very pale; there was perhaps a tinge of indecision in her sombre eyes. She slipped her arm through his without speaking, and he said politely: "I hope I am not late?"

His affinity shook her head and they turned slowly to the Boulevard St. Michel.

"Enfin the night has come, Xavier!" she said in contralto tones.

"It has come!" echoed the young man in the bass. "We have danced our last measure in there, you and I." And with a transition to the minor he continued: "Do you recall our first polka, Delphine, the evening that we first met? It was a wet Saturday—"

"A Thursday," she murmured; "a gala night—the Thursday before the Reveillon."

"I think it was a Saturday," he dissented, "because I remember vividly that I had gone to be shaved late in the afternoon, with the idea of making it do for the morrow as well and saving a copper or two. I remember, also, how dull I had found the ball, and that I had intended to say sarcastically in leaving: 'Le Bullier-Nouveau you call it? You should call it Le Bullier-Mort!' And then my path crossed yours, and epigrams were forgotten and coppers were as naught!"

"How it comes back to me!" she

said pensively. "I was talking to Gustave Tricotrin when I noticed you staring at me. You were standing by the punching machine. Is it not strange how a woman's instinct prognosticates? Mysteriously I knew that Fate did not mean us to be strangers long."

"To me it seemed that Fate would forbid me even to address you. How haughty you looked—how disdainful! Nine times I meandered round the balcony to beg you for a dance, before I found the pluck to say a syllable."

"I began to think you must be a foreigner who knew no French. And then the bouquetiere came by with her basket—do you remember?—and you stuttered: 'Do you like violets, mademoiselle?' And next it was cherry brandy, and next it was the polka, and next it was our love. Oh Xavier, if the bouquetiere had not come by with her basket we might not now be on our way to die!"

"Do you regret?" demanded Mariquot, kindling with hope.

"For myself, no!" she affirmed. "What could existence yield to me if we were parted? But to you? I have wondered in harassed moments whether the years might not bring happiness to you." Her clasp on his arm tightened eagerly. "I would not be selfish, sweet ideal. It is all your bright young future I am aiding you to sacrifice, all the glorious promise of your flowering youth. If time could teach you to forget me in my wretchedness, to find joy without me, I would steel myself even now to bear the martyrdom of life alone."

"The way you put it amounts to asking me whether I have been deceiving myself all along?" objected Mariquot. "Am I a ridiculous boy, to mistake a passing fancy for the great passion of a lifetime? Have

my vows been bosh, is my chef-d'oeuvre pickles—my realistic study of my devotion for you, throb by throb, from that first Saturday or Thursday, whichever it was? No, Delphine, I cannot acquiesce to that! Yet," he went on persuasively, "there is this to be said: You, too, have the promise of flowering youth—to you time might grant compensations which would be denied to me. To me it could afford nothing save a comfortable salary from a permanent source—by degrees a solid income, a cozy apartment in a pleasant quarter, a sound Bordeaux with my dinner. What are such things worth? Are you aiding me to sacrifice anything for which you might be severely censured, for which you might reproach yourself bitterly if age had endowed you with more wisdom and self-control? But to you! Who shall say to what effulgent heights your beauty and your histrionic powers might not elevate you? I can see you crowned with laurels if you are but patient to endure a while. I see you reigning at the Francais! I see you gliding through the Arc de Triomphe in your car! I see these sights with thrilling clearness. My adoration must not blind me to my duty. If you could be strong to wait for laurels without me I would even now be man enough to submit to the Philistine plenty that my father offers in Rennes."

The hand upon his coat sleeve trembled somewhat; there was a brief pause. Then she returned a shade sullenly: "In plain French, you suggest that I have been making a mountain out of a molehill—you ask me whether my resolve to drown myself was anything more serious than a fit of hysterics! I am no more a sentimental idiot than you are!"

Their progress for some distance was made silently, if one omits to count Marquot's groan. Each contemplated the climax with increased disaffection, but each felt the loophole indicated by the other to be undignified.

With relief they noted that the quays were not deserted at this early hour, and they wandered aimlessly along the Boulevard du Palais. On the Pont au Change the girl suddenly halted—her face upturned, then bowed.

"Not here!" panted Mariquot — "what are you thinking about? Look at the people!"

"I am only fancying," she told him. "How the Seine calls to me—how it calls, Xavier! Look down, beloved; below the quiver there is peace."

"Peace!" concurred Mariquot, clenching his teeth to stop their chattering.

"One plunge together and then—oblivion!"

"You will suffer first, my own," he muttered. "You will flounder frightfully."

"You also," she darted; "your tortures will be atrocious. Yes, it will be excruciating for both of us. Yet, speaking for myself, better death together than life apart! You feel that, too, Xavier?"

"Do I feel it?" stammered Mariquot. "Do I feel it?" No impressive termination presenting itself to him, he repeated: "Do I feel it? If I bewail anything other than your loss of the triumphant future that you might know it is just this," he added: "Paris may never understand how violently I reciprocated your devotion — people may not grasp the true inwardness of my tragedy. The fact is that, in the few last words

that I have scribbled to a comrade, I touched upon the detail that the publishers have rejected all my work. If by a fatal mischance the letter should be profaned by print it may lead shallow thinkers to regard me as a despairing novelist rather than as an anguished lover. I know how proud you are, and it is poignant to me to reflect that, after you have cast away your exquisite young life solely because I am all in all to you, the world may fail to realize that you were all in all to me. I writhe in recognizing that multitudes may say you bestowed a more single-hearted passion than you aroused." Again he regarded her expectantly. "I do not even disguise from myself that you have the right to resent my alluding to my literary ambitions with what may be termed my last breath. No, I do not deny it! Your indignation would be justified—you are entitled, perhaps, to declare that I have slighted you, to pronounce me unworthy of the splendid sacrifice you are about to make for me!"

Delphine frowned darkly—her displeasure was plain; and some seconds passed in which encouragement held him breathless.

"My king," she said at last tartly, "the grandeur of your soul compels me to admit a similar slip on my part. I, too, have scribbled a few last words, and by some wandering impulse I referred to the managers' having overlooked my abilities as an actress. If by any abominable indiscretion the letter gets into the papers it may appear that my suicide was due to my professional afflictions rather than to my idolatry of you! Your self-respect is more precious to me than my own; my blunder wrings my heart when I reflect that, after you are dead and gone, people may

conclude that you were incapable of inspiring a love as absorbing as you gave. In my turn I am open to reproaches. In my turn I am defenseless if you proclaim me to be unworthy of your death!"

Mariquot had listened to this rejoinder in profound despondence. Twice he had opened his mouth to interrupt her, and when he spoke his voice had distinctly an angry ring: "Look here! If you figure to yourself that I am going to be the first to back out you are vastly mistaken!" he exclaimed. "I am every bit as keen on dying as I was when I consented to it."

"If you imagine that I am going to sing small first you had better think again!" retorted the girl scornfully. "It would take more than a drop into the Seine to make me look a fool. If you don't want to climb down why do you keep talking about it so much? I'm ready."

"Well, suppose we get a move on us then?" he said with a scowl.

They lagged from the bridge glumly, arm in arm no longer and their eyes averted from each other. Viewing the lights of the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, Mariquot was reminded of a performance that he had witnessed there, with an order, in blither days, and he reflected that suicides, in relation to oneself, were less gorgeously gratifying than in the masterpieces of the dramatists. Delphine's gaze dwelt upon the lamps of the Chatelet, and memory reanimated an engagement—agreeable if undistinguished—that she had once fulfilled on its stage as a fairy. Now she could not aspire to become even a fairy again!

The Quai de la Megisserie was also populous.

"Peste! People again!" cried Mari-

quot. "We should certainly be rescued! What a misfortune that the moon is shining!"

"I fear," she responded feverishly, "we shall be obliged to wait a long time. See, couples everywhere! It would have been less wearisome if you had made an appointment later."

"I had no private intimation that all the idiots of this quarter were to select the quays to spoon on this evening," he growled. "We should find it lonelier much farther on. Would it fatigue you to walk?"

"Probably," she said. "But we shall have a long rest!"

Their promenade offered few distractions. By the time they had trudged as far as the Quai de Passy the lovers paused simultaneously. The coincidence occurred in the glimmer of a cafe window, and Mariquot remarked with a dry mouth: "Do you know, I am inclined to think that we might enter this place. Providentially I have a franc on me. We can make our consommations last till all is quiet enough for us to do the deed."

"You may be right," Delphine acknowledged. "Our last glass together, so be it!"

The little cafe boasted no more than one other customer, a youth who sat writing ardently, his intellectual brow supported by a restless hand. The blond beauty of his locks commended itself to the brunette's attention almost before she had drunk half her beer at a draught, and when in moments he raised his head to seek inspiration of the ceiling the melancholy countenance that he displayed was so engaging that she would have welcomed a continuous view.

Meanwhile Mariquot had been prompted to contemplate the last franc that he was ever to finger, and

as he did so disquietude assailed him. The franc was bad!

"Have you by chance any cash in your purse, Delphine?"

"I have not even a purse," Delphine replied. "I left it carefully in my lodging, directed to my family! Why should I drown with purses in my pocket?"

"I made the same reflection myself. Well, the only coin that I did bring is a bad one—and we have drunk the best part of our bocks. I foresee trouble."

Unwittingly he had drawn the waiter's eye to them, and when their impecuniosity was manifest the trouble became acute. At this juncture the youth, who was observing the discussion, rose and approached them. Extending a five-franc piece, he said: "Permit me, I pray you, monsieur, to come to the rescue."

"Oh, monsieur!" ejaculated Mariquot, embarrassed. "It is princely—it is unparalleled! But at the same time——"

"You need feel no hesitation!" insisted the stranger. "To me the coin is valueless, for I am at the point of leaving France."

"There are always money-changers," mentioned Mariquot.

"In the land for which I am bound," returned the other with a dreamy smile, "there is neither money-changer nor money."

"O, mon Dieu!" gasped Mariquot, jumping. "What, you too?"

In the breathless instant succeeding this double revelation, which held three customers spellbound, the waiter picked up the five-franc piece.

"Too," you said!" murmured the youth, finding his voice at last. "So you and I are fellow travelers, monsieur? And—and madame?"

(Continued on page 537)

Guinea Fowls

J. P. HALES

NO definite information can be obtained as to the date at which guinea fowls were first discovered; but it seems to have been shortly before the time when Livingstone explored Central Africa. Sailors visiting this part of the world in their primitive trading vessels, took a fancy to these odd but beautiful birds and they took some of them home to England and other countries. Almost immediately they commanded attention on account of their beautiful plumage and wild nature. After their appearance in England numerous theories were brought forward to explain their origin. These theories were very far-fetched and in modern times bear little weight. Whatever their origin may be, they now exist as, and are recognized as a pure breed; but no standard is as yet established. It is now the duty of their admirers to see that a standard is established and that they are brought to the front as a utility and as an exhibition breed.

From an aesthetic and an exhibition standpoint it is hard to conceive of a breed of poultry more attractive. Numerous varieties have been developed; but the two most popular are the pearl and the white. The pearl variety has a helmet shaped and bony top, the wattles are red and firm and are somewhat triangular in shape. The neck is rather slender and is thinly covered with bristles. The feathers are of a dark purplish shade, each feather being marked with a round white spot which resembles a pearl. The marking on the back is rather more indistinct than that on the breast; but the white spots are

rather more numerous. The first four feathers of the primaries are pure white; the remaining feathers of the primaries and the secondaries on the upper half, carry a row of round white spots, while the lower half is marked obliquely with white lines, the ground color being a dark purplish shade. The white variety possess a head shaped like the pearl variety, and also has similar wattles. The neck also is slender and thinly covered with bristles. The feathers should be white in color, and brassiness should be entirely absent.

In caring for the breeding stock it is advisable to give them as much freedom as possible, otherwise it will be found injurious to their health and vigor. They require rather more animal food than hens; but if allowed to roam in the summer will gather sufficient. In the winter they should be fed either beef scrap or ground bone. If each bird receives one handful of wheat and corn mixed in equal proportions, twice a day and this supplemented by a small quantity of rolled oats and vegetable food it will prove to be a very satisfactory method of keeping them healthy and vigorous. If they have been kept comfortable and in fair condition during the winter and early spring they will commence to lay early in March or April. The males may in rare cases mate with more than one female; but they usually mate with only one and remain with her from the time they mate until separated. The females are excellent layers and lay from seventy to one hundred and ten eggs. The eggs are rather small, shaped similar to a whip top, tinted a light

brown and marked with dark brown spots. The shell is very hard and thick, the yolk is very high in color and the white is very small. The eggs are especially adapted for cooking purposes when richness rather than lightness is desired. If the females are not taught to lay in the poultry house, it will be a difficult matter to find their nests as their wild nature prompts them to hide their nests in a clump of trees or grass or any other good hiding place where they may be successfully hidden. The females lay almost every day until the nests are full, and then leave them and start a new one. This habit of laying and filling a nest, and then leaving it, is kept up until near fall and then the female goes broody. However, if the caretaker handles his birds gently and judiciously no such trouble will be experienced and the eggs will be laid in the poultry house.

As the females lay late in the season before going broody, are easily disturbed and do not stick to the nest very well it is advisable to set the eggs in the early part of the season under a hen. In preparing the place in which the hen is to set, note the following points:—First, to place the eggs on straw which is placed directly on the ground or to place two or three old sods in the bottom of the nest box, and then cover with straw. The hen to be placed on the eggs should be thoroughly dusted, and should be a good and rather quiet bird. The hen will cover and hatch successfully about eighteen eggs which require from twenty-five to twenty-eight days to hatch. The eggs are sometimes hatched in an incubator and when using this method of hatching follow the same rules as in hatching hen's eggs.

The young chicks are very small,

reddish brown in color, and have two white stripes running horizontally on the top of the head. In from two to three hours after hatching, the young chicks become very active and restless and if not confined in a yard will make long tours and get lost. These little creatures are very cunning, and if hunted for, will completely hide themselves. The young chicks are very subject to white diarrhea and to prevent or cure it, add a small quantity of fine chalk to any of the following mixtures, which have been found very satisfactory if fed four or five times a day, when the chicks are small:—rolled oats and wheat broken up finely between the thumb and finger, in equal proportions, with a small quantity of millet seed added. This mixture is slightly moistened and is fed for the first ten or fourteen days. From now on, gradually add cracked wheat and corn, which will be when they are from three to four weeks old. This ration is very good and is more economical than the Patent Game Food. When the chicks are three weeks old they should be allowed to roam, if the neighbors don't object. From now on feed night and morning with a mixture of cracked wheat and corn, until of sufficient size to digest whole wheat. When the chicks are about half-grown take them away from the hen, otherwise they will follow her until full-grown.

Guinea fowl so far have never attained a very popular position among utility poultry keepers in this country, but why this is so is not altogether easy to determine, because they possess several striking characteristics which render them eminently suitable for practical purposes. It may not be out of place to mention here some of their economic qualities:—they grow to maturity at a

very small cost, in some cases when left absolutely alone cost nothing to raise. The meat is rather dark in color, but of the finest flavor and quality. The eggs possess a very pleasant and delicate flavor and are quite largely used for eating. Use is also made of the wings and some of the feathers of the body for the trimming of ladies' hats.

The habits and characteristics of guinea fowl may be summed up in the following sentences. The males are larger than the females, and are in some cases abusive to other fowl. The males also possess a harsh, disagreeable voice, which sometimes proves rather trying to the nerves. The females own exclusively the cry of "buckwheat" or "come-back,"

which is not at all disagreeable. Both the males and females are very timid and set up an alarm if any intruder or marauder comes near the poultry yard.

As yet the demand for eggs and meat of the guinea fowl is very limited, except for choice young birds in November; but the demand is steadily increasing as the flavor and quality of the meat and eggs are becoming more widely known. Now is the time for guinea fowl's admirers to handle them carefully and advertise more extensively. If these points are paid attention to and carried out, the time will not be far distant when we will see guinea fowl holding an important place on the up-to-date farm and netting a neat profit to their owner.



A DREAM.

I dreamed the plowman told me: "Grow your bread
And tend your fields alone; I plow no more."

The weaver bade me spin the clothes I wore,
The masons quit the wall above my head.
Deserted so by all who warmed and fed
And sheltered me, my heart was sad and sore,
For seek what path I would, I heard the roar
Of sullen lions; and the sky was lead.

My eyes fell open, and I saw the sun.
I heard a hundred hammers beat as one,
The plowboy whistle and the builder call;
And then I knew my happiness—and then
I felt my endless debt to other men.
And since that morning I have loved them all.

THE O. A. C. REVIEW

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Editorials

Agriculture has always been regarded as a most important industry.

Our Graduates

The Egyptians, thousands of years ago knew many methods that are practised to-day. Rotation of crops was practised and different fertilizers were applied to the soil. The Grecians and Romans were more advanced and many great swamps were drained and vast barren tracts reclaimed. But great though agriculture was, it was regarded merely as an occupation. It was never considered to be a profession and the philosophers of those days did not devote their genius and their energy to its advancement.

During the middle ages its development was slow. Men were too busy breaking lances—and heads—to care much for quiet farm life. After the Norman Conquest the Saxons, practically reduced to a condition of slavery, did the work and the followers of William led riotous lives, highly disdaining their vanquished Saxon vassals and the agricultural work they were employed at.

The progress of the first great in-

dustry was slow. But as the lower classes won recognition and the power of barons and of lords decayed, thought was turned from the arts of war to those of peace. In later days Tull, Townshend, Coke and Young, those wise old pioneers of modern agriculture, made farming an occupation greatly sought after, and they taught its first scientific principles. The work has steadily progressed ever since until to-day we see stretching before us the very thing dreamed of by the old founders, the professional era—the New Agriculture.

But it is all before us, and to realize it the agricultural colleges have been built. Of these, the old school which we have all fought for and are proud to fight for, stands in the front rank. And again this summer her doors have opened to send out into the world half a hundred disciples to preach the New Agriculture. Their training is complete so far as classroom training goes. The laws of science and of practical application are theirs. But they are more than scientists. The man who studies agriculture is a philosopher. As he

views life in all its wonderful forms, from the tiny plant and animal, invisible to the naked eye, to greatest trees and the wonderful brain of man, he discovers laws that connects all things in an unbreakable universal chain. And through all the fine gradations and nice adjustments he sees the great Divine plan laid bare, and reads what only a Shakespeare could read in his day: "Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." It's more than agriculture, more than science—it's religion. It may not be always viewed in that light but the student is conscious of the thrill that comes with higher knowledge. And he enters his particular sphere enabled to have a wider influence and live a fuller life. Such are our students: and so they pass from our halls to-day. They are young and have most of their troubles and perplexities before them. But they are bringing a new force into the world, worth while. Twenty years from this graduation month the world will be proud to call them comrades as we are now. God speed and a great and noble success we earnestly wish for each one of our old '12 boys.

A new thought this month: Who guards the home? Man invariably takes upon himself the honor. Whether he wielded a stone club or fought upon a battleship he pointed to himself as the protector of his own home. If the truth of this was doubted he had merely to instance a thousand battle-fields with their slain, and the questioner was silenced—somehow every war seems waged in the interests of "home and loved ones."

But what of his wife? Has she been a happy, care-free being throughout the ages flourishing in the shadow of man's protection, and engaged in none of the struggle herself? Not at all. Woman has really been the safeguard of her husband and children, of her home and its health, happiness, traditions, virtue and religion. True, men fought and when necessary died, but because they did the view-point of men changed. Their vision broadened: they thought in new terms. They saw the results and realized the value of co-operation. Soon they attached less importance to the guarding of a cave doorway than to the organized efforts of a tribe to guard a province. Presently they found it less satisfactory to stalk an animal than to raid an adjoining territory. As system and method progressed and as agriculture and new industries were developed an individual man contributed less and less to the direct needs and protection of his home, while society—unknown in primitive days—contributed more and more. The result of this new system was very successful. Greater comfort, freedom and safety existed than was possible before. But the man was changed: he no longer felt directly responsible for the welfare of his home. He had lost his individuality as protector, in the unity of national security. No vestiges of primeval life now are apparent. Men think in terms of money, business and power. Their view certainly includes the home, but their action has no direct connection with it. By these three they gain their ends and their individual responsibility is further lightened..

But the woman is as directly and intimately responsible as ever. The home is never communal. It is individual, personal, private and because it is the wife must center her vision

upon it. As her husband becomes more closely engaged with outside affairs, she becomes more and more the ruling factor of the home-life that brings success or failure. And because love and marriage are based more upon feeling than thought, and because the inner home-life is more dependent upon abstract qualities than concrete surroundings, any commercial development can have little effect upon the relative positions of the inmates of the home. The true woman thinks, and will continue to think, in terms of her husband, her children, and her home, quite as directly as did her primitive mother. She is the safe-guard, and any power given her to remedy the evils that threaten the home will be for the benefit of humanity at large, quite as much as for her own.

In developing our present civilization we have allowed grave dangers to grow. In our cities many are hungry, while there are great tracts of land in our country that remain unproductive. There are hundreds of lives lost every year in large industrial plants and we never think of them, but we have hardly ceased our wailing for the few scores killed in our last war. The underpaid working girls of our most populous centers must resort to vice, while great corporations accumulate millions. Many innocent girls are wronged every year and the magnates of the white slave trade are shielded by their money. But why catalogue all the wrongs! We all know that they exist, and that they should not exist. America has food and money and homes enough for all. There is no justification for child labor, or vice, or white slaves, or hunger, or mangled bodies on this continent. There is but one way to remedy these evils—

legislation. By the ballot they may be righted, and by no other means is this possible. Men know this, but some are careless and some are bought, and anyway the responsibility of directly guarding their loved ones sits less heavily upon them than it did upon their ancestors of the stone age.

And the women! Ah, well, women haven't votes. Truly, tradition dies hard. Woman is not thought capable of voting. Once she was thought to be mentally inferior to man: but the high schools and colleges are proving every day she is quite equal. She was said to have no business discretion; but she is crowding men from business positions every day. Many declare she must not have a vote or she shall desire representation and we shall cease to respect her. Why politicians already respect that possibility so much that it frightens them. The same argument was used against her receiving a college education, against her entering business and against every step she's made in advancing beyond the condition of the primitive woman. We haven't respected her less for these attainments. We will respect her neither more nor less when upon the floor of the House of Commons. The very ones who cry the loudest for laws and limitations to make woman admirable, do not really respect her now.

But women are implored not to think of such matters. Their place is in the home and they should use their time and influence in improving the home. What a position! To be asked to make home better and to be denied the means of doing so; to be compelled to watch little girls and boys—maybe their own little ones—warping their lives in factories and not have the power to act; to know

that young girls—their own girls, perhaps—are going to a swift and awful destruction, and not have a word to say in the defeat of legislation that permits this. What a position. Is this just like the argument of a man or a woman? Men use it every day. It is time for the men of Canada to think. It is time for them to realize that in their own interests women should have votes. They may know little of politics—how much do

we know?—but they do know what is necessary for the highest development of the home better than any group of men do. When this country is given the initiative, the referendum and woman's suffrage, a mighty step will have been taken towards the solution of many of our worst problems. Don't you think these questions merit your serious thought?—your move next.



THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
 Shall I tell you where and when?
 On the maps of the world you will find it not;
 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot,
 With sword or nobler pen;
 Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
 From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
 Of woman that would not yield,
 But bravely, silently, bore her part—
 Lo! there is that battle field!

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song;
 No banners to gleam and wave!
 But O! these battles they last so long—
 From babyhood to the grave!

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
 She fights in her walled-up town—
 Fights on and on, in the endless wars,
 Then silent, unseen, goes down!

O! ye with banners and battle shot,
 And soldiers to shout and praise,
 I tell you the kingliest victories fought
 Are fought in these silent ways!

O! spotless woman in a world of shame,
 With splendid and silent scorn,
 Go back to God, as white as you came,
 The kingliest warrior born.

—Joaquin Miller.

ALUMNI

After leaving Guelph in 1904, armed with his B. S. A. degree, A. B. Cutting accepted a position as editor of the Canadian Horticulturist and Canadian Florist, then published in Toronto. He remained with these publications, which are now edited in Peterboro, until a year ago, when he resigned his position and moved to Toronto again, where he became agricultural editor of the weekly edition of the Mail and Empire, and was later given the management of the whole edition. His duties there not being arduous or remunerative enough to keep the energetic A. B. in full motion, he instituted an agricultural news bureau, from which he supplies agricultural topics to several newspapers throughout the province, and his list is constantly growing.

George C. Warner, of class '05, is engaged with the Massey-Harris people of Toronto as a travelling expert on cream separators. George had been engaged with a separator firm in Toronto for a couple of years, and became so proficient in the handling and sale of the milk skimmers that the Massey-Harris Company found him and offered him a lucrative salary to change employers, which he did. His work now takes him to every point in Ontario and frequently he has excursions into the other provinces. Probably that is the reason why he has never seen fit to fasten upon himself any domestic binders.

W. J. Yeo, of class '05, was seized by that lonesome feeling immediately after he was graduated and consequently took to himself a wife, and after recovering from his honeymoon bought a retail dairy business in Hamilton, which he handled successfully for two or three years, after which he purchased a farm near Hamilton, and put his O. A. C. training to good effect. He sold his farm last fall and is now on a prospecting trip through the West with his brother Fred, of class '06, where they expect to join partnership in some line of work.

Mac Cutting was graduated in '04, and like his brother, has also launched out in the newspaper business and is making a brilliant success of it. After moving about in various places, seeking what he could find and moulding a destiny, he accepted a position as associate editor on the Ottawa Valley Journal, which he gave up a year ago to accept a better paying proposition with "The Farmer," a leading agricultural paper published in St. Paul, Minn. Since joining the editorial staff of this journal he has made rapid progress and is showing the farmers of Uncle Sam's backyard what an O. A. C. education inoculated into an active cranium can accomplish.

John C. Curtis, of class '12, left college at the end of his sophomore

year and journeyed west to British Columbia, where he has specialized in the fruit industry to some extent. He now has ten acres in the city limits of Kelowna and is using his O. A. C. knowledge to aid him in making a success in growing apples and vegetables.

George E. Knight is still following one of his old professions, the dairy business, in Edmonds, B. C. Recently he has added another branch to the industry, and now deals in bottled milk and cream, buttermilk, ice cream and farm produce. Mr. Knight says that the West is the place for the young married man to make his fortune, especially when he can secure an eastern girl for his bride, as was his good fortune when he married Miss Mary Watson, of Princeton, Ont., about a year ago.

G. A. Brodie, of class '09, has been engaged in the practical side of agriculture at Bethseda, Ont., ever since leaving his Alma Mater. At first he specialized in Shorthorns and Shropshires, but afterwards went into the importing business, and has brought out from Scotland as many as seventy head of horses in one year. Mr. Brodie was over in Scotland this year and was delayed for a time in getting his horses on board ship on account of the dockers' strike. He pleads guilty to being married, adding that everyone should be, and now is blessed with a family of seven. For educational advantages Mr. Brodie moved to Newmarket a few years ago, but still carries on the farm as usual, doing a little speculating as a side line.

Simeon A. Hasmer attended the college during the terms '03-'04 and '04-'05, and is now engaged in gen-

eral farming near Batavia, in New York State. His crop consists of beans, potatoes and wheat, and he also feeds a large number of range lambs every year, which he buys in Chicago and sells in Buffalo when they are fattened. Last year he fattened over three hundred head.

The following letter from J. G. Greenwood might prove interesting to men of class '12. It is dated Feb. 18, 1912, at Wardner, B. C.:

I went to the Faculty of Forestry at Toronto the following two years after leaving the O. A. C. and spent the first summer as a ranger in Temagami, and the second as a timber cruiser. Last summer I was also cruising, and all but one of the party were O. A. C. men, namely, J. D. Gilmour, C. McFayden, Peck Edgar and myself. We ran across many old boys, and at one time seven of them met unexpectedly at Agassiz, where Reagan, Wearne and Stairs were at the Experimental Farm.

Wherever one goes one meets an O. A. C. boy, and it is hail fellow well met in nearly every case.

I am now inspecting ties in one of the C. P. R. camps on Bull River and get plenty of climbing and wading in snow. With remembrances to class '12 men, I am,

Yours very truly,

"Paw" Greenwood.

Ever since Samuel E. Todd was graduated from the college in the spring of 1910 he has been a success, with a capital S. if you like. He was appointed as district representative for the County of Lambton, and during his tenure of office has been untiring in his efforts to improve methods of agriculture in that county and to increase the farmers' profits

by preaching co-operation. He took so well with the farmers that they gave him a grant over and above his regular salary as a token of the esteem in which he was held. However, Mr. Todd was meant for greater things, and consequently he has left Petrolea to accept the position of director of farms for the public institutions of the Province of Ontario. His future work will be the management of the farms at the Guelph prison and the asylums at London, Woodstock, Hamilton, Mimico, Whitby, Kingston, Brockville, Orillia and

Penetang. We are confident that the management of these farms has been placed in capable hands.

"Rusty" Campbell, '12, with his sunny smile, is still in Victoria, B. C., where the roses bloom outside on Christmas day, and where the farmers of the prairie provinces flock in ever-increasing numbers each winter. Rusty has been engaged in survey work in the Fort George district during the past season, where he states there are thousands of acres of good land yet to be taken up.

ADVICE OF A MILLIONAIRE.

Thomas Neacy says:

A man makes his own luck.

If you make a promise, keep it, even if it takes the shirt off your back.

Be punctual, saving, temperate.

Remember that there is more honesty than dishonesty, nine times over.

A good wife is half the battle. Most of my bad deals have been made when I neglected to consult my wife.

If there is peace in the home, there is peace in one's work.

You can never tell just what is going to be the pivotal point of your fortune, so keep striving.

If a man doesn't recognize failure, failure cannot work him harm.

Sympathy and kindness go a long way in business.

If you are an employe, trust your employer; if you are an employer, trust your men.

Remember that work is the greatest thing in this world. When a man stops producing, he stagnates.

College Life

What A Boy May Get On The Side At College

DR. G. C. CREELMAN, PRESIDENT O. A. COLLEGE

The Great Bismarck once said of German University students, "One-third are destroyed by dissipation, one-third are ruined by overwork, and the rest live to govern Europe." While no such classification could be made of our Canadian students, yet it is undoubtedly true that the best men turned out by our institutions of learning are not those who have kept their minds on their text books all the time. The colleges of Canada, on the other hand, do little for the man who either will not work or at best makes a great spurt just before the faculty tests are applied. As in Germany, there is no doubt that the young man who is wide-awake all the time, keen in debate and in sports, enthusiastic in everything pertaining to college life and student activity, systematic in the work, and therefore well informed—I say there is no doubt that such a man will make an alert and useful citizen, whether he stands in the first five or not, when the general roll is called and he is mustered out of college.

In earlier days the greatest dangers surrounding life were such evils as drinking and gambling, or both. To-day, perhaps the most potent form of dissipation is the wasting of time.

This may not be by the direct method of deliberate loafing or over-sleeping, but the more common, subtle one of students' conferences, committee meetings of all sorts, rehearsals, social functions, and year organizations. A popular student with any executive ability or previous office training may easily allow himself to be loaded up with secretarial or managerial duties that will occupy most of his time outside of lectures and laboratory periods. College functions of all sorts, from a theatre show to the annual conversazione, are becoming more elaborate and therefore more professional, and certainly more demanding on the time of the students each year. Each class tries to outdo the last one, and in so doing loses more time from the essential factors of college life and work.

What, then, is the best course for the average student to pursue?

It is hard to set rules that will apply in all, or even most cases, but I find that the most useful men among our graduates are those who, at college, followed each in his own way a code something like this:

"I am now a regularly matriculated student of a large institution. I find the average age of students here to

be over twenty years; therefore, we are a body of men, not boys. I find that a large percentage of the students are here on their own initiative, paying their own way, and therefore responsible for their own advancement. I find that the academic standard set is for the average man, not for the brightest; therefore, failure to make the grade, for reason other than ill-health, can in most cases be attributed to lack of application. I find many of the strongest men taking an interest in college athletics, in Y. M. C. A. work, in the work of the students' literary societies, and in promoting the interests of the college magazine.

I say to myself, "what have these things to do with scientific or practical agriculture?" And at first I find no answer.

As I get on in my course I find certain students wielding the greatest influence. They are men who either play on the college teams or are conspicuous on the side lines cheering for their mates. They are not goody, goody chaps, and yet they show many of the Christian virtues and support the student Christian organizations. I find that such men speak plainly and perhaps fluently at students' meetings, indicating practice in the Lits.,

and they are always loyal supporters or are perhaps actively employed in promoting the welfare of the college paper.

I say to myself, "These things on the side do count, and without them a student may lead his year in scholarship, please individual professors and lecturers, gain the good-will of the Dean of Residence and the Registrar, and yet fall far short of being the best man in the year."

Such observations are very wise, and the man who does not get a very great deal on the side at college is the man who does not grow to the full student stature, and who must, when he receives his diploma or degree, start in to get these very attributes or accessories in the much more expensive school of worldly experience.

Good all-round men are needed. The college authorities will see that all students have had good farm practice before entering college; the faculty will see that thorough instruction is given in all of the sciences underlying the best practice of agriculture; but the things on the side the boy must get for himself, and he is a wise student who pays close attention to the lectures and laboratory work and then takes the time from his studies to develop the real man.

The Farmer and the College

A visit to the Ontario Agricultural College looks, on the face of it, a very simple matter. It provides an enjoyable day's outing at a very moderate cost, and gives a person a chance to meet many of his neighbors among very pleasant surroundings, so that, for one day at least, he is able to throw aside the cares and worries of his everyday life. Looked

at from this standpoint alone, a trip to the college is well worth while, because the farmer, as a rule, can take but few holidays during the summer, and a trip to the college gives him a much-needed change of scene.

Most of the advantages mentioned above could be obtained on many other trips, but there is one feature of a visit to the college which should

especially appeal to the farmer, and that is the opportunity it affords him to glean information in connection with his business. It is easier to talk over one's problems than to write about them, and the replies received to questions are more satisfactory than written replies, because the questions are more perfectly understood. In his visit to the college, therefore, the farmer has a chance to come into personal contact with men who make a special study of many of his vexatious problems, and such contact is mutually beneficial, because it enables the farmer and the investigator to understand one another better, by giving each a clearer understanding of the other's work and point of view.

By way of illustration let us note a few features which make it worth while for the farmer to visit the college. Because every farmer is, or should be, interested in farm crops, the experimental plots are, perhaps, of the greatest general interest. A visit to these plots during the growing season is always instructive and entertaining, especially when some one familiar with the work is on hand to explain its principal features. Varieties and, in some cases, hybrids of the various crops can be studied at first hand, together with methods of seeding and cultivating, and other matters of interest to every farmer.

Though nearly all farmers should be interested in the plots, it does not follow that all will be equally interested in the other departments of the college. Most of them will be interested in some branch of live stock, and time can be profitably spent in looking over the different classes of stock and listening to explanations regarding the work of the college in this connection.

The poultry industry is rapidly increasing in importance upon Ontario farms, and the poultry department of the college is always full of interest to many farmers and their wives. A visit to this department gives an excellent opportunity to study the leading breeds, and the latest methods in breeding, feeding and managing poultry.

The dairy building also attracts the attention of many visitors. The farmer engaged in dairying always has plenty of problems, and he will find it well worth his while to talk these over with the instructors in the college dairy department.

Fruit and vegetable growing are becoming important industries in this province, and there is much to learn in connection with both of them. If it is worth while having an orchard or garden, it is worth while handling it in such a manner as to get the best results, so that the college orchard and garden should be of more than passing interest to most visitors from rural homes.

Those ever-present, all-pervading pests, weeds and insects, receive special attention during the June excursions, and the latest information regarding the best means of combating these evils can be obtained by any person who asks for it at the bureau of information provided for this purpose.

The apiary also presents features of interest to those who handle bees, and it is possible to obtain light upon many bee-keeping problems by asking questions of those in charge.

Information regarding drainage and cultivation, regarding trees, shrubs and flowers, regarding a hundred and one different topics, is always available to those who seek it, and the man who comes away with-

out adding something to his store of useful knowledge has usually himself to blame. The Agricultural College is the farmer's own peculiar institution, designed especially to deal with those matters which interest him most, and it is a pity that more farmers do not take a lively interest in what is going on at the institution. The college staff is doing its best to work for the farmer, but the greatest results can be achieved only when its members can work with the farmer. There should be at all times an active co-operation between farmers and members of the staff, and when this condition of affairs is reached, the effectiveness of the work of each will be multiplied many times. The

Farmers' Institute excursions have been planned especially to bring the farmer and the college into closer touch with one another, and it is to be hoped that many farmers will take advantage of this opportunity to learn more regarding their own institution.

It would be too much to expect that all questions asked should be fully answered, because there are many unsolved problems in connection with agricultural matters, but the visitor will find all connected with the institution anxious to do what they can to render assistance to those who have encountered difficulties in their work.



Year '13 Baseball Team—Inter-year champions 1911-1912.

Macdonald

INFLUENCE.

Some day, dear heart,
 Our barks apart
 Must drift on Life's broad sea.
 Ah, then, how lone
 Will be the moan
 Of the wild waves to me.
 But still, though you have gone
 The tireless sun will mount the
 changeless sky
 And still the wandering sea gulls
 scream and cry
 The whole year long.

And o'er the blue
 Your light canoe
 Will leave no track behind,
 Nor foamy trace
 Of its rare grace
 Will follow with the wind
 But when the daylight wanes
 In dreams I'll hear your paddle by my
 side,
 Or feel its briny spray. When day
 wakes wide
 No trace remains.

Save where the gales
 Had filled our sails
 Your shallop and my own
 Touched in the wind
 And deeply lined
 Each other all unknown.
 But yours to stand the fray
 Was nobly built, so gently sweet, so
 strong,
 That with its imprints mine bends
 surer on
 To win its haven fair, dear
 heart, some day.

E. M. C., '12.

The second annual Sports Day of Macdonald Hall was held on the afternoon of Saturday, May 11th. Because of rain the sports could not be held on the campus, so the girls ran their races in the O. A. C. gymnasium.

At the close of the afternoon Mrs. Creelman presented the Pringle pin to the champion of the day, Miss A. M. Davis, and the badges to the successful competitors. After this four class trees were planted by the graduating classes of Normals, Housekeepers and Homemakers.

The events of the afternoon showed skill on the part of the athletic girls of our college, as well as efficiency on the part of our physical instructor, Dr. Ross. In the management of the races she was assisted by Mr. A. H. McLennan, baseball enthusiast and coach.

Throughout the afternoon the members of the Literary Society provided refreshments, in the form of ice cream and candy, duly certified and scientifically made.

Following is a list of the events:

100-yard dash—1, Miss Smith; 2, Miss Bohn.

Speed waltz—1, Misses Gibson and Stark; 2, Misses Pratt and McEwen.

220-yard race—1, Miss Smith; 2, Miss Bohn.

Interrupted race—1, Miss Davis; 2, Miss Currie.

Jumping: (a, running jump; b, hop, step and jump—a, 1, Miss Davis; 2, Miss Robertson; b, 1, Miss Robertson; 2, Miss Davis.

Baseball match—Macdonald vs. O. A. C. Faculty: Faculty, 10 to 6.

Roll call race—1, Miss Rittenhouse; 2, Miss Chapman.

Throwing the ball—1, Misses Stewart and Shaw; 2, Misses Davis and Robertson.

Race for the backward—1, Miss Davis; 2, Miss Bohn.

Overhead ball game—1, Miss Turpin; 2, Miss Wilson.

Relay race—1, Misses Smith, Bohn and Ellis; 2, Misses Robertson, Alley and Chapman.

Officials:

General Manager—Dr. Ross.

Starter—A. H. McLennan, B.S.A.

Announcer—Miss Philp.

Clerks—Misses Lang, Smellie and Walsh.

Judges—Misses Greenwood, Roddick, McLennan, Dickey and Mrs. Doughty.

THE SANITARY DAIRYMAN.

Very early in the morning,

Tuttle sought the spotted cow,
And with gloves his hands adorning
Took the nightcap from her brow.

Roused her from her well-bred slumber,

Bathed her features with a sponge,
To the bathtub made her lumber
For her early morning plunge.

Manicured each horn and hooflet,

Sprayed her breast with listerine,
Scrubbed her stall from floor to rooflet
Till each inch of it was clean.

Then while her attention centred

On the predigested bran,
Reverently Tuttle entered
With a silver-plated can.

Into which by gauze protected

From bacilli and their ilk,
Tuttle skilfully projected
Little strains of purest milk.

With a microscope he viewed it,

Slew a microbe here and there,
Strained it, weighed it, cooled, it
stewed it,

Pasteurized it, too, with care
'Then in bottles small he hauled it
To the city, and in short
Everywhere that Tuttle sold it
Cost them 60 cents a quart."

THE YEAR FOURTEEN.

Oh! the joyful young Sophs have
come up from the town,
They have painted it red, and they've
painted it brown,
For save fireworks and paint pots
they weapons had none,
They came all disarmed and they
came all alone,
For faithful to sweethearts and
dauntless in war
There never was year like the year
Onety-Four.

They stopped not for caps—they were
out for the fun,
They dumped carts in the river
where carts there were none.
But ere they arrived at Macdonald
front gate
The lights were extinguished, the
students came late
For "One-Two" and "One-Three" with
two candles or more
Danced along with the sweethearts of
year Onety-Four.

Right boldly they clamored outside of
the Hall,
With skyrockets and candles and
crackers and all
Not a window-pane jiggled, the place
appeared dead,
It seemed quite as if all the Macites
had fled;
While the girls all unheeding the
serenade's din
Tripped away to the heavenly music
within.

Dumbfounded they stared at the still
 building, where
 No girl seemed to know they had
 ever been there;
 They thought the girls faithless, for
 how could they tell
 That dancing still swayed its omni-
 potent spell?
 "Pour bieu souvenir" with white
 paint at the door
 They splashed madly six times the
 great name "Onety-Four."

The Macites were weary, for dancing,
 though sweet,
 Is hard when "One-Three" ploughs
 among the girls' feet.
 But rest, sorely needed, was courted
 in vain
 For those dear "Onety-Fours" they
 were at it again.
 Yells, cat-calls and songs the deep
 silence profaned,
 And the moonlight was thick with the
 curses they gained.

There was scrubbing next day on
 those signatures white.
 But paint loveth brick, and it budged
 not a mite.
 "Them ruffuns deserves all they
 gets," said the man
 As he scoured at the paint, but the
 "Ruffuns" had "ran."
 Long labor availed not; ah! well the
 name wore
 Macdonald's defaced by the year
 Onety-Four.

G. M. C.

THE RECEPTION FOR THE NORMALITES

On the evening of April 26th Mac-
 donald Hall was en fete in honor of
 her new neighbors. The Normalites.
 The classes, one and all, united to give
 the visitors an evening of joy and

gladness. Varied indeed was the pro-
 gramme and one long to be remem-
 bered. The spacious platform of the
 gymn. became the scene of action, the
 girls the men of the hour.

"The Trials of Mr. Newlywed"
 might well be given as the title of the
 Senior Housekeeper Playette. In it a
 scene of domestic happiness was
 marred by a wife who couldn't cook.

Into the innermost recesses of our
 hearts did the Normalites gaze when
 a splendid scene of disarray showed
 the Home-Makers as seen in Study
 Hour. The entrance of a poor apart-
 ment Home-Maker and of Mrs. Fuller
 only enhanced the reality of the
 drama.

A touching picture of a young
 man's feelings before his wedding
 was given by one of the Junior House-
 keepers. The "feelings" were in
 tableau form and, of course developed
 into "girls." Fare thee well, young
 man! Thy time has not been wasted.

It would gladden the heart of an
 Adam Beck to see the unique use
 made of the hydro-electric in the next
 stunt. Miss "Rolly" Davis was the
 leading light, although each spark at
 the end of her flying clubs tried hard
 to outshine her.

"Oh! Young Lochinvar came out of
 the West,

And a very good sport was he.
 He loved one fair lady and stung all
 the rest,
 And, oh! What a fight there will be!

From the heart of the poem they
 stopped these junior Normals of
 talents rare! We sat entranced from
 the moment the groom flourished his
 dirk till the clatter of the last steed
 grew fainter in the distance.

Oh! You beautiful dolls! Stiff-
 jointed, waxen-faced, china-headed,
 highly curled and blond! To the

strains of the popular air they drilled and pirouetted, they marched and they flirted. Such are the Home-Makers B! Beware.

A pleasing return to common-sense was the singing of a sweet solo by Miss Jermyn.

Contrasts! Ye gods and little fishes! What a difference a hundred years can make in society and fashions! The graceful valse of 1812—now, naught but a “Bunny Hug.” To show differences of 1812 and 1912 was the aim of the senior Normals. We saw them—vividly.

Miss Doris Stark at this juncture contributed a pleasing reading.

If Lochinvar’s clan was “a thing of

beauty” no less can be said of the excellent talent displayed by the chief characters of “Lord Allin’s Daughter.” ’Tis true the roar of the raging main caused one and all to tremble, and ’twas with feelings of deepest sorrow we watched “those waters wild ride o’er his darling child”—not withstanding all honors is due the Short Course.

With a mournful ballad from the “Ten poor Two-in-Ones,” the formal programme ended. Refreshments were served and a jolly dance ensued, after which a most pleasant evening ended with the singing of “They Are Jolly Good Fellows,” by the Normalites.

Reporter.



BUCCANEERS.

The mist runs up the moors again,
The grey mist from the sea,
The winds blow up, blow up for rain
Over the hollow lea.

Do you remember, friend, my friend,
Hot winds that swept the plain,
Langorous dreams that had no end
Till sunset came again?

Do you remember red lips kissed
And a darkened tent above,
When you forgot the moorland mist
And your pale Northern love?

There’s a woman in a desert land
Who stirs men’s hearts to fight;
There’s a ship in harbor undermanned—
Dusk folds the moon to-night.

Her hold was never filled by day,
Her captain speaks no word,
But she shall flit by dawn away
Like a white-winged, silent bird.

Your sword be sharpened for its end,
And tempered fine by fire—
And we’ll sail together, friend, my freind,
For the land of heart’s desire.
—Ethel Talbot, in Harper’s Weekly.

Schools' and Teachers' Department

Devoted to those interests of the Ontario Agricultural College which pertain particularly to the training of teachers for giving instruction in the schools of the Province along vocational lines—in Home Economics, Industrial Arts, Elementary Agriculture and Horticulture.

AN O. A. C. MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.



MISS LUCY I. BARKER,
Normal Teachers' Class in Agriculture, 1911.

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION.

Miss Barker entered the Teachers' Spring Course in Agriculture for the purpose of equipping herself better as a teacher of the Indian children in her school, at Fort Albany, Hudson Bay. Previous to entering the class she had taken special training in Toronto in nursing.

As the following letters show, Miss Barker's class-mates associated themselves with her in her work by subscribing a fund to assist her. Of the \$290.00 subscribed, \$120.00 was to be used to support two Indian boys at the mission school for one year, \$50.00 was to be for the personal use of Miss Barker and her associate, and the balance was to be used as an emergency fund for procuring necessary medicines, delicacies for the sick and such like.

The Secretary's Letter.

Nobleton, Ont., February 24th, 1912.

Dear Friends of the Class of 1911:—

I am pleased to report that the amount received for Miss Barker's work is \$277.00. This is almost the amount subscribed. With the exception of

a small sum I have reserved for printing Miss Barker's letters and reproducing photos, the rest has been placed to her account in her bank at Montreal. You have all responded most generously. Miss Barker has already expressed her gratitude, but I am sure we esteem it a privilege to help her in this small way to carry on the work which she is so heroically doing in the north.

I would be pleased if some of you would respond to Miss Barker's wish regarding underclothing for the two children, I will be glad to communicate with any who can help in that direction. Any clothing sent must reach Montreal the last of June.

Trusting that we can carry on this good work to even a greater extent the coming year. I remain,

Yours sincerely,

ADA V. NEELANDS, Secretary.

Miss Barker's Letter.

Moose Fort, via Cochrane, Ont., December 14th, 1911.

My Dear O. A. C. Friends:—

You will see from the above address that I have not yet reached my destination. We were overtaken by severe weather in October, it was then too late for a woman to attempt the remaining 100 miles along the coast. As it turned out, however, we might have made the journey as there were fair winds and fine weather. During my enforced stay here, I am teaching in the day school where I began work when I first came to Canada five years ago.

The Boarding School consists of 19 boys from 6 to 12 years of age, and 7 girls. These attend the day school, and the older pupils have night school for an hour; making five hours of school work a day. Besides this the boys cut wood, carry water, and two of the big ones milk the cow, take care of the calf and horse; always under the direction of a man whose duty it is to see that their work is properly done. They use the horse to bring water from the river, and carry wood. Next summer she will have to plow and cultivate.

The girls do the housework with the help of an old woman.

Perhaps you would like to hear something about our trip here. After leaving Cochrane, which looked very delapidated after the fire, we went on a hand "speeder" to Fredrickhouse River, and stayed over night at a small house. We learned from our hostess that the potatoes we were eating which were of medium size, were grown from peelings. I wonder if they would grow here? They would save hay and make better fodder for the cattle.

Next day we continued our journey by canoe. We were carried through shallow water to some big stones, where the canoes were ready loaded. Our party consisted of Mrs. Haythornthwaite, her little girl, Miss Johnston, a half-breed girl, my little girl and myself, besides four Indians who managed the canoes and looked after the camp.

It was a hard journey, as we had to walk over so many bad places and carry the little girls. One day we were drenched to the skin while walking through long grass and willows in a drizzling rain. The wind turned very cold, and we were glad to see an Indian camp where we could dry our clothes and get warm, before continuing our journey. It took a day to get over two of the portages; followed by a day's delay caused by rain. The men ran out of food and we had to supply them out of our store, which was getting low. They expected to make the trip in eight days, but instead it took us ten. Fortunately for us, Mr. Haythornthwaite came to meet us, as he thought something must be wrong; he brought provisions as he

feared we might be starving. We were very thankful to end such a trip in good condition, and enjoyed having food in a house and sleeping in a warm, comfortable bed.

There are 42 children in the day school here. I have given them a lesson in taking geranium cuttings, and making potting earth, which interested them very much.

The turnips, beets and potatoes that the O. A. C. so kindly sent in the spring came on well and we have been enjoying the results. Some of the turnips weighed $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and the beets measured four inches in diameter. The carrots and cabbages were not very large, but were very good on the table.

The seeds sent to me at Albany from the O. A. C. and Ottawa Experimental Farm were, by mistake, sent here, with books for the school. I may test some of the grains here as I shall have difficulty in getting them across in time for sowing, but shall wait and see. I have not heard whether the other things have arrived safely, but hope to know by the end of January.

Oats ripened here last fall, so we are hoping, with more cultivation to produce fair results in the near future, and to be able to produce fodder for two horses and cows sufficient to keep thirty children in our boarding school supplied with milk and fresh meat the year round.

I think Moose Fort would be a good place for an Experimental Farm. The soil is light clay loam, and not nearly as damp as Albany. It would be good for our Indian and half-breed children to have agricultural education.

We managed to bring a few hens with us. So far they are doing well. We feed them on corn-meal as we are unable to get grain. We are looking forward to eggs for Easter, if the dogs do not get ahead of us and devour the chickens before then.

There will be two packets to us this winter, one of the Hudson Bay Co.'s leaving Cochrane the first of the New Year, another belonging to the French Co. ten days later; so you may be able to catch one of these mails. I shall be very glad to hear from any of my O. A. C. friends and to answer any questions you may feel like asking about this place or Albany. The latter is one hundred miles farther north. I may go there by dogs in the spring.

As a result of an abnormal appetite, our two-year-old calf came to an untimely end. It took a great fancy for chewing the clothes on the line, and did so every chance it got. One morning we found the poor animal dead. We supposed it had choked itself. Someone told us it was because it did not get sufficient salt. If anyone knows what to do with an animal with such a perverted taste, we will be glad to know as this is not our first loss of the kind. Should it be killed the first time it is found trespassing?

I brought a little orphan girl from Toronto back with me. She stood the journey very well, although she is only 3 years old. The country air seems to agree with her as she looks very much better. I pray and trust that in a few years she will be a great help to me, and though she is a little expense to me now, I know the time will come when she will repay me. Already I feel rewarded for taking pity on a city orphan and giving her a chance in life.

The two little boys in the picture, Arthur and Jimmie Sutherland, are the two you have so kindly promised to support. They are still in the boarding school and attend day school, though they are too young to learn much beyond to sit still and pick up a few English words which will be useful to them as they grow up. Jimmie is standing, Arthur is sitting and is bareheaded. They are both six years old and are not small for their age. If any kind friends have time and the inclination to make some thick stockings and long-sleeved vests for them they would be doing a very acceptable and kindly deed.

Talking about stockings I have been thinking it would be a good thing to purchase a hand-knitter and teach these people to knit by machinery, buying the wool wholesale. I would be glad if someone would send me a price list of these machines, and of wools from some Canadian firms. I do not think a ship will be coming out from the Old Country, as it has been thought best to send from Montreal instead. If we could make warm stockings cheaper than it costs to bring them out ready made, the Indians might be taught to be self-supporting when fur becomes scarce, which is bound to happen when civilization reaches us.

I walk three miles across the ice every Sunday morning to hold a class for children. Until now it has been good going, as the path has been well-trodden. The last few days we have had a heavy fall of snow and mild weather, which adds to the difficulty of walking.

I hope this will reach you safely about Xmas, which I trust will be a happy one for you all. I will feel lonely myself, though not so much so as the first year out here. I shall think of you all then and pray that you may be much blessed in helping to carry on our Master's work in this part of His vineyard.

With much love to all my dear old friends of the O. A. C. and many happy memories of the time we spent together. I remain,

Your loving friend,

LUCY I. BARKER.



"ON EST MIEUX ICI QU'EN FACE"

(Continued from Page 514.)

"Madame is leaving with me."

"You are blessed." His protracted glance at Delphine proclaimed it no empty compliment. "I go loveless and alone." With a deep sigh he continued:—"My few last words have just been scribbled, and I have nothing to do until I drown myself at twelve o'clock. May I beg you to join me in a bottle with the change? Waiter, the wine list!"

The pathos of his situation stirred Delphine deeply and she broke in now: "But, monsieur, cannot we induce you to revoke your rash resolve? Do not think me presumptuous, but might not our counsel serve you in this crisis? So young!" she whispered to Mariquot.

"He is no younger than I am," said Mariquot shortly.

"Alas! I have already pondered the matter in all its bearings, madame," replied the youth with folded arms. "My resolution is inexorable—and at midnight there will be in Paris one novelist less."

"Novelist, did you say?" gibbered Mariquot.

"Yes, monsieur, I am called Theodor de Jacquemin. To-night the name is not significant, but it is soon to figure largely in the papers!"

Mariquot's blood ran cold. What if his own drowned body should be fished out later than this chap's? His own effect would be crushingly discounted! How much sensation could then be hoped for? "Another novelist commits suicide"—he would be "another," and anti-climax, a plagiarist! Death was robbed of its one grace.

"Nevertheless your compassion is sweet to me," admitted De Jacquemin, "from your own calamities I shall be honored to confide my own." Without awaiting an affirmative, which he obviously took for granted, he continued: "Do not assume that the inadequate press opinions of my work have spurred me to this pass—for the critics I defy! It is woman who has laid my career in ruins."

"A Plagiarist!" moaned Mariquot.

"You said, monsieur——?"

"Nothing," explained Mariquot with a start; "I was but soliquizing. Pray resume!"

"Though of noble descent and dowered with great gifts," De Jacquemin resumed, "I have never possessed a safety razor; and if you are acquainted with the literary world, monsieur, you may be aware that the alternative of resorting to a barber is often a strain on the budget. For this reason it was my custom to betake myself to the cheapest rotter revealed to me—until one fatal day. Accident forced me to enter an establishment above my means, and—I assure you, madame—never should I have patronized it again but that in the mirror I beheld the reflection of a woman's face. She sat enthroned behind me, taking the money. She was the widow of the late coiffeur."

"So attractive?" inquired Delphine with a strange pang at her heart.

"Ah, madame! And the way her hair was done! Her beauty was, if I may say so, of a type similar to your own. On the morrow, too, I weakly went there, waiting till the desired chair was vacant. Daily I squandered ten sous for the exquisite pain of viewing her in the glass. She marked my homage, she fostered it. She sold to me combs and pomatums that I never used; I paid for perfumes that I presented after purchase. To prolong the perfect vision in the mirror I was shampooed and singed and frizzed. Finally I was shaved twice a day, and she accepted my escort to the Odeon."

"And when you owned you loved her?" asked Delphine, enthralled.

"She gave me hope. 'Twas all she gave. She feigned to regard her bereavement as too recent to allow decision. For months she has sported with my worship! My life has been passed in her establishment. With the solitary exception of hair-cutting, there is not a process practiced in the place to which I have not submitted myself adinfinitum. Enfin she has wedded the head assistant, and when I sobbed 'Coquette!' she derided me with 'Client!'"

To this harangue Mariquot had

paid no attention whatever, his abstraction passing unobserved owing to the sympathetic interest yielded by Delphine. His brains were racked for a pretext to elude the watery grave which no longer promised posthumous distinction, and scarcely had she set appreciative lips to the Burgundy that had been placed before them than he leaped to his feet.

"Come!" he exclaimed with a gesture of uncontrolled despair. "Monsieur, I entreat you to excuse us—it is time we died!"

"Why, what are you talking about?" faltered Delphine, dismayed. "It is nothing like late enough, yet!"

"It is thoroughly late enough—it is the ideal hour. I can curb my impatience no longer. Come!" he persisted.

"But it is crazy!" Her voice was vexed. "We enter here to wait for the middle of the night, and we are no sooner comfortable than you want to go!"

"Do you refuse?" he demanded hoarsely.

"I refuse to do any more stumping about the quays too soon," she said. "Sit down and be mannerly. What will Monsieur de Jacquemin think of you?"

"Hah!" cried Mariquot. "It is for him you fain would linger; it is his companionship that makes you craven! Oh, Heaven! Maybe that woman's instinct of yours prognosticates again!"

"Monsieur!" De Jacquemin rose superbly. "It seems to me that you are insolent. I should indulge myself by sending you my second, but the mutual circumstances forbid an appointment."

"False girl!" pursued Mariquot, disregarding the interruption. "You jilt me on the brink of the tomb! And it is for one so fickle that Xavier Mariquot would perish? Ah, no—my dignity restrains me! Though Lethe were sweet, my pride protests! I shall bear the burden of life. Better had I died before your perfidy was known. Farewell for ever." And upsetting a chair in his haste he was gone and skipping along the pavement before De Jacquemin or Delphine could utter so much as another word.

Their eyes met widely. A physiognomist might have said that relief lightened the mood of both.

"He was looking for a way out, that's all," she said with a laugh. "It wasn't that he is really jealous!"

"Could I aspire to dream otherwise? 'Twould be vainglorious indeed!" returned the host. In a tone of profound solicitude he went on:

"And you will be brave to rally from the blow of his unworthiness, will you not? I hope with all my broken heart you do not mean to waste your death as well as your life on him, madame?"

"Mademoiselle!" she murmured shyly.

"Let me prevail upon you to take your wine!" said De Jacquemin, drawing nearer. "It is cozy here."

"Yet there is a skeleton at the feast!" repined Delphine.

"You think of hours gone beyond recall?"

"I think of the next hour to strike," she owned; "the skeleton I see is yours."

"Can it be possible," cried the youth, moved, "you feel for me so deeply, child?" He drew nearer still. "Ah, if I had been granted your influence earlier I should have been a happier man!"

Five minutes later—when her influence had been exercised and his arms encircled her—"Is it not mysterious?" he exclaimed devoutly. "Through all the evening, even while I traced my last words, something has seemed to insist that I should not die!"

Her tranquil gaze deciphered a sign backward on the window.

"How true!" breathed the young girl in the harbor of his embrace—"On Est Mieux Ici Qu'en Face!"—One is Better Off in Here Than Opposite!

On the Quai de Passy, in Paris, the little cafe may be viewed at will. Those who enter may see the chair that Mariquot overturned in his swift departure and the table at which Delphine saved De Jacquemin's life. To avoid disappointment, however, pilgrims should remember that the proprietor was not in a position to corroborate this history.—*The Saturday Evening Post.*



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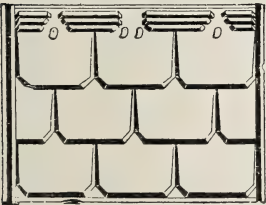


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After the Normalites' reception, at which some members of the chemical staff were present, the floral decorations were found to be minus. They were later seen peacefully reposing in one of the windows of the apartments of the junior faculty, whereupon a party of determined Normals besieged the castle and carried off their property by way of the window. Good for them!

"A little boy of seven was taken into Mrs. Boyle's store for a drink of ginger ale, and was asked how it tasted. "I liked it," he said "but though it stings."

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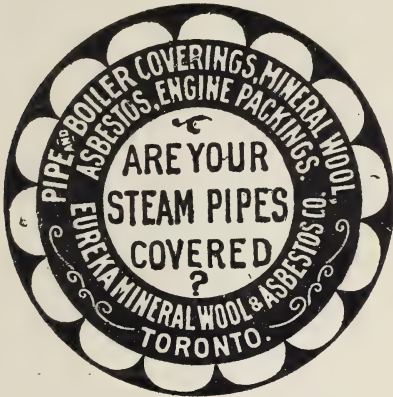
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When the Duke came to luncheon at the Hall, it was thought that the vexed question as to whether a visitor should fold his table napkin or leave it crushed up on the table would be settled by watching his procedure. It seems that neither of these methods are correct, as his was found after luncheon under the table.

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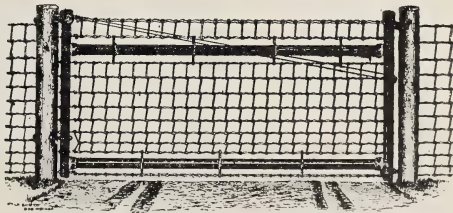
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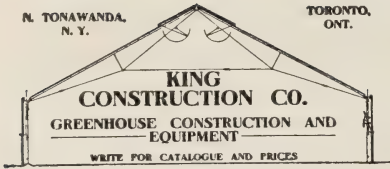


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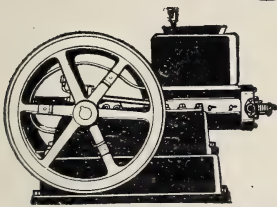
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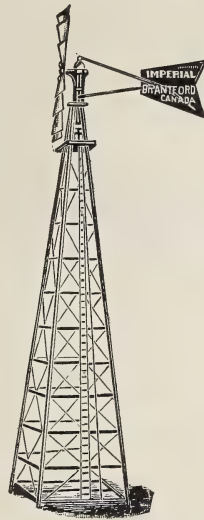


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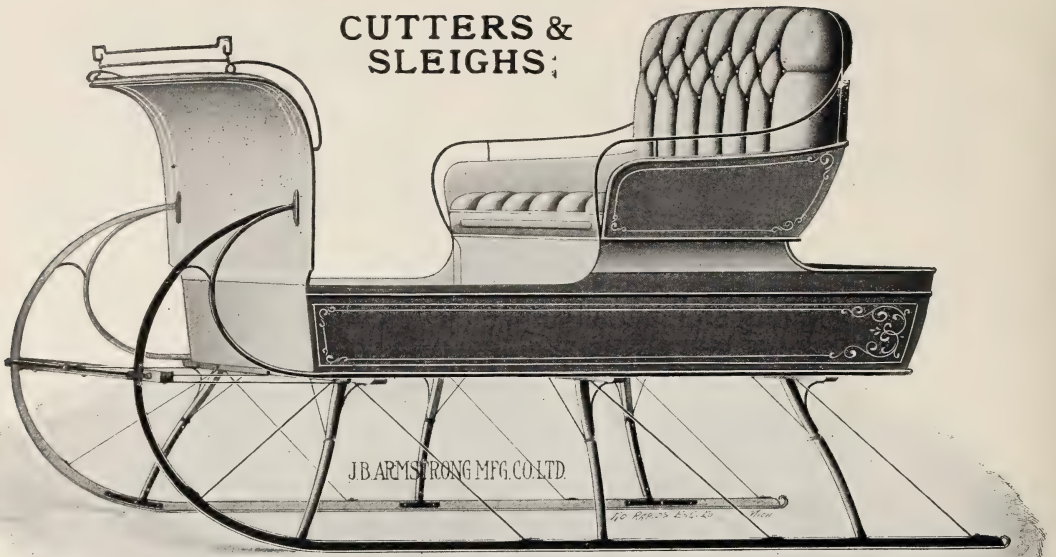
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Official Calendar of the Department of Education for the Year 1912



JUNE

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Collectors in Unorganized Townships to report to Sheriff uncollected rates for previous year. (On or before 1st June).</p> <p>Assessor in Unorganized Townships to return assessment roll (Not later than 1st June).</p> <p>Public and Separate School Boards to</p> | <p>appoint representatives on the High School Entrance Boards of Examiners (On or before 1st June).</p> <p>By-law to alter School boundaries or form Consolidated School Sections—last day of passing. (Not later than 1st June).</p> <p>3. King's Birthday (Monday).</p> |
|--|---|

The Royal Military College of Canada



THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor

exercises of all kinds, ensures health* and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

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The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College, takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont.; or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

H.Q.94—5.

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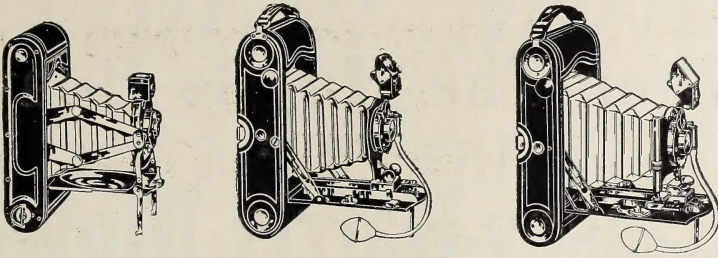
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A French author has translated the line from "Macbeth" "out brief candle," into French thus: "Get out you short candle."

Lund—"I like Prof. Reynolds in Shakespeare. He brings things home to you that you never saw before."

McDonald—"Humph, Old Wong Lee does that for me every week."

Geo. Woltz, the other day was calling upon an old Scotch farmer in his county, and noticed a fine donkey in the lane.

"Great donkey, that, Mr. McIntosh," he said, "What do you call him?"

"Maxwelton," was the reply.

"Why that?" cried George.

"Because his brays are bonnie," came the answer.

Prixy Weir (discussing English literature with Miss S—): "I find the 'Stones of Venice' very heavy, don't you?"

Miss S—"I've never been in Venice, Mr. Weir, but I thought all stones were heavy."

Verily, we have a Tennyson in our midst.

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